

THE
Literary Museum,
OR
MONTHLY MAGAZINE,
FOR
MAY 1797.

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TO CORRESPONDENTS.

The Engraving we promised, should embellish the Museum for this month is through the indisposition of the Engraver unavoidably delayed, but will certainly appear in our next.

The Fond Farewel, would be too lengthy for our present number. At the same time we cannot help expressing a wish, that the author would give his piece another revision as it may probably lead to a detection of errors, which if published in its present state, would considerably lessen its merit.

Epitaph, from the Spanish will appear in our next.

Eusebius is under consideration.

THE
LITERARY MUSEUM,
FOR MAY 1797.

BEAUTIFUL ATHENIAN EPISTLE,

[TRANSLATED FROM THE GREEK.]

SMERDIS TO CLEANDER.

THEY doubts, Cleander, have cast a gloom over these peaceful mansions. When from the top of the flowery mount, in my beloved hour of evening meditation, I cast my eyes towards Greece, I no longer view the charming landscape with delight. The glorious works of Oromasdes, displayed in every various beauty of creation, were clouded over by the evil influence of the wicked Ahriman. The dark perplexities, in which his baneful art have involved the race of men, were the unpleasing objects which thy letter had placed strongly before me. I considered Athens as an infected place, whose tainted air the delicacy of virtue could not support. White handed Probity and dove-like peace of Mind seemed on the wing towards some more happy region, where they should no longer be subject to the harsh laws of imperious necessity.

I pity thee, Cleander, sincerely. There is an eternal law engraven upon the tablet of the heart by the omnipotent hand of Yesdan, which cannot be infringed without the severest anguish of mind. Even they, whose compliance with thy temptations makes thee now look on them with abhorrence, had once the sacred law imprinted on their souls. No mortal bosom is void of the divine illuminations; but the first deviation from that innocence it inviolably prescribes, throws a thin mist over the radiance. By frequent repetitions of guilt, the obscurity grows thicker and darker; and the wretch comes at last to give up every sacred tie, without compunction, to the sordid views of avarice and ambition.

Beware, Cleander, how thou permittest the least access in thy soul to that incroaching principle of evil; nor strive to reconcile a doubtful action with the just laws of the sage Zerdhurst. No,

there is no danger so fatal, as palliating evil into an appearance of good. The laws of Zoroaster are but a transcript of that native law which Oromasdes has written in thy heart. That heart is revolted at the idea of corruption. Thy hand draws back of itself from offering the infamous bait, which Grecian avarice so greedily reaches after. Yet this abhorrence seems to thy reason contrary to that unlimited obedience, that absolute devotion of service, which is due to the monarch of the earth. Here thy human sight is dazzled, thy head turns round, and the precipice is beneath thy feet. From its brink thou lookest back to the schools of Balch; thou callest for assistance from the Bactrian groves. This struggle of a virtuous mind is much to be commended. May a gracious emanation from the source of light assist thee, to distinguish that narrow path, which amongst the perplexed mazes of human policy, is alone consistent with its original dictates! Human wisdom, Cleander even in these retirements, where it is not disturbed by the tumult of the passions, or distressed by the intricacies of affairs, can go no further than to point out some few certain and immutable truths. Where in their consequences, they appear to clash, it must be a superior power that can demonstrate their eternal consistency, since to obscure that consistency with false appearances is the utmost effort of the potent Arimanus.

All we can then advise, is, to withdraw from those paths, which are overspread with fatal snares, and seek for security in retreat. This is the only penance that can be at all effectual towards thy passing the eternal bridge in safety, and arriving in those regions of the blessed, the certain, though distant contemplation of which is the fragrant oil, that keeps alive the sacred flame in the bosom of every true believer, with a brightness to which the splendors of all earthly greatness are more dim than twilight, outvying even the radiance of the Persian throne. While thy services to that were consistent with the universal law, thy virtue was heightened by its exalted object. Those services have been long and faithful. It is now high time to gain a dispensation from the arduous task. Wait not, I charge thee for the tempting rewards of ambition; break off, without hesitating, every Grecian attachment; and follow timid virtue to some little cell. From thence thou mayest look back with equal transport on the duties so attentively performed and the guilt so narrowly avoided. Leave these dark scenes to other actors: If Oromasdes has doomed the destruction of the Grecians, fear not but he will find fit instruments to effect it, while thou shalt look on in happy innocence; instruments, who shall perhaps find the punishment of their guilt, in the permission of accumulating crimes

crimes. Farewell: May the source of light illuminate thy soul! No ritual observance shall be wanting on the part of thy friends, to atone for what is past.

O B S E R V A T I O N S.

ON THE FATAL EFFECTS

OF A SEDENTARY AND STUDIOUS LIFE,

With some particulars respecting the Death of Mr. Savary,

Author of Letters on Egypt.

EXPERIENCE shews, says an Italian physician, that men of letters, though naturally of a lively disposition and inclin'd to gaiety, often become sad, silent, pale, and emaciated; and that they are attacked with that disease known by the name of the hypochondriac, the usual tyrant of those who lead a sedentary life. When this hypochondriac affection is purely nervous, and without any obstruction or interrall lesion of the viscera, one may hope that relaxation, tranquillity of mind, and bodily exercise, will either stop, or greatly diminis'h the disorder, but owing sometimes to the particular constitution of the patient, and to long and intense labor in the closet, some of the viscera, especially those of the lower belly, experience some great derangement in their organization, which may bring on an internal suppuration, and consequently a train of evils that no human art can remedy.

The liver, either on account of its size or of its spongy texture is one of those viscera which suffer most by a continued sedentary life, and a bent attitude; people of a bilious temperament above all others have much to fear from an excess of this kind. Of this we have a striking example in Mr. Savary, author of letters on Egypt, and of a translation of the Coran, who lately fell a sacrifice to a chronical distemper brought on by close study and application.

Mr. Savary possessed a heathful and robust constitution, with every symptom of a bilious temperament. He distinguished himself much during the course of his studies, and at the age of 25 he made a voyage to Egypt in quest of knowledge. On his return to Paris, after an absence of four years, he finished his translation of the Coran, on which he had laboured with the greatest application in Egypt. After he had published this work, he employed himself at his retreat near Paris, in preparing his travels for the press; his health, however, was not in the least hurt

by

by the attention and intense application which he bestowed on labour, as he took care to appropriate some part of every day to the occupations of the garden, and to the culture of plants and trees, which afforded him an agreeable amusement, and greatly contributed to to preserve his strength and vigor. His letters on Egypt were published, and the favourable reception they met with from the public is a sufficient proof of their merit.

Towards the month of December 1786, he removed to Paris in order to pass the winter, and put the last hand to his Arabic grammar, and Dictionary ; and by this circumstance he laid the foundation of that disorder to which he at length fell a sacrifice. Mr. Savary pursued his intense and disagreeable labour with so much activity and constancy, that he often passed ten hours without going out of his chamber, and often put off his dinner till five in the afternoon. His friends repeatedly pressed him to take some relaxation, but his ardent temper always got the better of him, and he promised to make himself ample amends on the return of the summer, which he intended to pass in the country.

At this period a very sensible obstruction, of the right lobe of the liver appeared to have made considerable progress ; a physician of great skill and extensive experience took him under his care, and bestowed every attention upon him that his case required ; he tried light decoctions, with a proper regimen, and prescribed above all things an absolute cessation from intense thinking. Mr. Savary's health appeared to be mending ; he took advantage of this favourable change to make a tour into one of the provinces and visit his relations. When he returned to his country residence near Paris, his health was still in a doubtful state and it is well known that when the viscera suffer any great derangement some very strong marks of it will always remain. The activity of his mind prevailed over a regard to the interest of his health ; he conceived that he ought to take advantage of the apparent re-establishment which had taken place towards the end of the summer and beginning of autumn, to prepare for the public eye his Voyages to the Isles of the Archipelago, as a supplement to his Letters on Egypt. His temper, naturally warm, was soured by some severe criticisms which had been made on his former works, and he gave himself up to labour, with such an intenseness of application, as rendered the consequences evident. The obstruction of his liver returned, and made fresh progress, attended with indigestion, want of sleep, and a troublesome dry cough ; his visage became bloated, and his legs swelled daily more and more. The use of aperient draughts and cream of tartar left still, however, some ray of hope.

In

In this state he returned to Paris, in the beginning of the year, 1788 to superintend the printing of his new work, on the isles of the Archipelago, and particularly on that of Candia. He had then every symptom of an approaching dropsy, so much the more dangerous and alarming as the viscera appeared to be in a bad state. The right lobe of the liver was very hard and painful ; the patient was seized with irregular fits of shivering ; he had a continued hectic fever, and at the same time some, other alarming symptoms appeared, which left no more hopes, and announced his approaching end, which happened on the 4th of February 1788. Thus fell in the vigor of his age, an author worthy, both on account of his character and abilities, of a long and happy life.

The work of Mr. Tiffot, on the maladies incident to men of letters, is well known. This work unluckily makes too little impression, because it contains only general principles and vague observations ; it is much to be wished that a subject of so great importance were treated with more exactitude and precision, by carefully collecting observed facts, and by shewing in the most striking manner the advantages that would arise to sedentary people, from conforming to the rules laid down concerning the preservation of their health.

PRIZE OF VIRTUE.

Royal Agricultural Society of Perpignan. Jan. 2d, 1788
THE prize of virtue proposed for the countrymen, who should most deserve it, by a long irreproachable conduct, or some remarkable instance of courage and humanity, was this day awarded to the following persons.

Nicholas Brusse, of the village of Thoulonge, who throughout a life of sixty years, has been in the constant exercise of virtuous actions, notwithstanding, the many misfortunes he has experienced.

Ebdom Claret, of 40, and Villenoval, of 20, inhabitants of St. Laurent de Cerdà, whose employment was to carry ore, on Mules, from the mountain of Batere, to the forges of St. Laurent. These Muleteers, returning from Batere, find the most dangerous torrents in the province extremely swelled. The youngest takes upon himself to sound the passage. He gets upon his mule, laden with ore, and enters the water. The mule is soon carried away by the stream, and Villenoval loses his seat. His comrade, seeing him on the point of being drowned, rushes into the river, seizes Villenoval, and drags him to the opposite side. Perceiving the mule of his young friend, and this mule was his all, ready to perish, he again plunges in, comes up to the mule

mule cuts the girts to disengage the load, but the animal in struggling strikes him on the head, and Claret is carried away senseless by the torrent. Villenoval cannot bear to see his preserver perish, rushes into the water, and after several efforts has the good fortune to bring Claret to the shore.

The society gave 200 livres to Brusse, and 100 livres to each of the others.

THE FORCE OF NATURE.

Or the sad effects of gaming to excess.

AN elderly French lady, retired to her country seat, had one child, a son, who was a handsome young man, very much addicted to gaming, and had lost at one sitting, no less than *forty thousand pounds*.¹ Destitute, at length, of other means to live he associated with a company of strolling comedians, who, as it happened passed a short time at Worcester, near which town was the old lady's residence. After sustaining a few characters, the young actor was discovered, and the circumstance imparted to the mother. Though highly displeased with her son, she could not resist a wish to see him, and for this purpose went *incog.* to the theatre. The Gamester was the play, and the young man supported the principal character.—During the recital of those passages which bore a resemblance to her son's bad conduct, the picture worked so forcibly on her feelings, that she exclaimed aloud, “Aye, there he is!—the beggar!—the scoundrel! Always the same! no changeling!” The delusion grew so strong on the 5th act, where Beverly lifts up his hand to kill the child, that the old lady, in a tone of voice the most distressing, cried out, ‘Wretch that thou art, don't kill the child! I will take it home with me!

AN E C D O T E.

ALCAUS, the lyrift, conceived a passion for Sapho, and one day he wrote to her: “I wish to explain myself, but shame restrains me.” She answered—“Your forehead would not blush were not your heart culpable.”

She used to say. “I am actuated by a love of pleasure and of virtue: without virtue nothing is so dangerous as riches; and their union constitute happiness.”

ACCOUNT

ACCOUNT OF A DUTCH DRUM.

TWO of the largest rooms in the house are always appropriated to the occasion ; the better if they communicate, as is indeed, usual abroad, but that is not material. Card tables are to be set in the four corners of each room : the middle being kept perfectly clear—the place of honour is always determined to be on the right hand side of the pier glass. From each side of this glass you are to place two rows of chairs, with a square box called a stove, at the foot of each chair ; and, if in winter you are to take care these stoves are well supplied with burning turf, or rather with the live ashes of turf ; and, in summer, the fire is to be omitted, as a Dutch woman is too much in the habit of canting up her legs on these abominable little footstools to sit comfortably without them ; and in cold weather she could neither use her hands or arms, without smoke drying her feet. By the gentleman's seats you place spitting boxes : and as if these would not hold enough, a dozen or two spittoons are to be set on the side tables, or to grace the corner of the card equipage : several slates and pencils are also to be provided. All the plate you can muster is to be crowded on the grand side board, and at least an hundred tobacco pipes, with tasteful devises wrapped about them, not forgetting half a dozen pound boxes of tobacco, with a suitable service of stoppers.

These preparations being settled, you are ready to receive the company, who begin to appear at your Dutch drum about five in the afternoon ! The reigning burgomaster's wife enters first. You are to receive her at the door, after a good run to meet her (by way of testifying your joy) with a dead flop, and you are to take care that your curtesy is at least as profound as her's ; the better if a little deeper. And if you would adopt the fashion of this country, you should revive one of your boarding school sinkings at the commencement of a minute, or one of your school reverences to your governess on leaving the room. You are to take her by the hand, you are to say you are extremely honored by the visit, and then *kiss her three times* ! Then lead her to the right hand side of the glass,—order a burning, red hot stove to be put under her petticoats,—(the genteeler if you condescend to place it yourself,) and then receive the rest of the company, sloving them, and kissing in the same manner ; more carefully, however placing them according to their *rank in the town or village*, than if they were so many British peers, to be settled by the high Steward, at the trial of a sister peeress for high Treason. When all the chairs are filled, you may order refreshments.

In the first place, tea is to be presented three times round the
H h room

room. This, over the card tables are to be arranged, the sloes refreshed, the pipes lighted, and the spitting boxes begin to work. You are to present *four kings* to the burgomaster's wife, and the three you mean to play at the table. To the next lady, in her rank, you present the *queens*: but make a memorandum, that when once seated nobody flirs from her table till the party breaks up at ten o'clock, so that they are fixed as a statue for almost five hours. The refreshments are to be handed about every *quarter of an hour*, but to vary as to the collations. One quarter gives coffee, another wine, another liquors, another orgeat, and at every time the company eat and drink with unabating appetite; and those who offer the most good things of this world, are made the most honourable mention of, in the annals of *contre-visite*. The ceremonies of taking leave are like those of entrance.

It is to be observed, that when you give one of their visits it is not from your own invitation: the reigning burgomaster sends you word, if convenient he will come to you such a day. If you accept the challenge, you are to send for your cards, in which you invite *the town* to meet him; who very obligingly obey the summons, whether they ever saw you before or no; or whether they shall ever see you again.

All the smoking party keep their own room but leave such a strong *sease* of their orgies behind them that it is necessary your house (if your nose is not a native of Holland,) should perform a quarantine of a month before it can be purified.

A *contre-visite* seldom includes supper; But when a supper is to be given in Holland, it always comprehends cards and tea, with the immense et cetera of about eight times coffee, as many cakes, wines, jellies, &c. &c. &c. and supposing these to begin at half past five, and supper to be on the table, at half past ten though the intermediate hours are fully employed in eating and drinking, it does not in the least prevent the supper being devoured, as king Richard voraciously says, "marrow bones and all," for though in general life, at *home*, the Dutch eat but little of solid food, they pay it off *abroad* with most incontinent rapacity.—Indeed, they seem like certain wild beasts in training for the grand gorging day, when they are to be turned out upon criminals, to reserve themselves for these great public occasions: and a Dutch supper, at the end of five hours stuffing, might very well furnish, out one of our Lord Mayor's feasts, and satisfy all the mansion-house monsters on any one of the important days,—

" *Big with the fate of turkeys, and of geese.*"

LETTER

LETTER FROM AN IDLER.

SIR,

I TOOK up, I know not by what accident, a book the other day, in which I found the following sentiments. That I should take the trouble to read them would appear very extraordinary to you, if you knew my character, and that I should take the much greater trouble of copying them, will yet appear more extraordinary when you consider what I am doing, and compare it with my general principle, which is to do nothing.—But to come to the sentiments, for I long to finish them:

“ An indolent man is a *carcase*; and if he does not take care the birds of prey, (the ministers of vengeance) will be at him. In Romney marsh, when the ravens, hovering on high, and keeping a sharp look-out, see a sheep turned on his back, so fat and unwieldly that he cannot recover himself, they instantly souse down upon him, pick out his eyes, and then devour the body, carrying it away piecemeal, as they are able. Persons are therefore set to watch, on purpose to prevent this catastrophe.”

“ The busy man, say the Turks, is troubled with one devil, but the idle man is tormented with a thousand. Idleness is the most painful situation of mind as standing still, according to Galen is of the body. The irksomeness of being idle is humorously hit of by Voltaire’s old woman in Candide, who puts it to the philosophers, ‘ Which is worst, to experience all the miseries through which every one of us hath passed, or to remain here *doing nothing*? ’ Bishop Cumberland being told by some of his friends, that he would weary himself out by intense application, replied, it is better to *wear out*, than to *rust out*. In the mind as well as the body natural and politic, stagnation is followed by putrefaction. A want of proper motion does not breed rest and stability; but a motion of another kind; a motion unseen and intestine, which does not preserve, but destroy.”

It is a wonder to myself, Mr. Editor that, I have been able to transcribe all this stuff, every line of which is a personal reflection—and I know not whether I shall be able to get on with my story. Know, then, that I am one of those *carcases*, and putrefactions described above, and have been so all my life. Laziness with me is a habit, and I may say a science, which by long experience I have learned to reduce to certain rules. My father was a rich man in his way, and left me amply provided for, totally independent of all business, but the great business of pleasure. I must do myself the justice to say, that I have not greatly impaired my patrimony, which is a lucky circumstance, for I am positively too lazy to work at any business;

nor could I ever get through the fatigue of asking favours—a fatigue so great, that I am assured some very worthy men have sunk under it at the doors of great men, and have had their carcases pushed into the kennels, by fellows with lace upon their coats, money in their pockets, and no brains in their heads.—But you may form some judgment of my way of life, from knowing the history of one day or two; just as well as if you lived with me for a twelvemonth or more.

In the morning I rise, just when I please, and that I may find every thing ready for me in the house, I never rise before every body else has been up for two or three hours. My breakfast is brought into my bedroom, that I may have as little trouble as possible in going to it; and with the assistance of two or three newspapers, I make a shift to divert myself for the next two hours. If one of the papers drops out of my hand, there it lies on the floor unless the servant comes into the room by chance, and picks it up. By chance he must come if he comes at all, for I abominate the fatigue and noise of ringing bells. About one o'clock, my friseur attends, but he must wait in my dressing-room for some time, until I have summoned up sufficient resolution to go to him. During this operation I frequently fall asleep and when it is finished, walk with great deliberation to my toilet, where if I can keep my eyes open, I dress myself by slow and imperceptible degrees for the day. This being done, if I happen not to sit down again, I walk out, no matter where, in the streets, the park, the common highway, or any where. The cravings of appetite only call me to dinner, but as they, though occasionally keen, are not always regular, it would not be easy to find out which is my dinner hour. If I have an engagement it is a thousand to one I remember it; and if I dine at home, the dinner is spoiled by being kept back for me. These difficulties, however, being surmounted in some way or other, the dinner employs me until six or seven o'clock, and I generally enjoy a very comfortable nap during that time.

Although I live within a street or two of both theatres, I send for a coach, and by mere force of violent exertion, which is very unusual to me, throw myself in and out of it. The play being over, I stumble into some coffeehouse, always the first I can meet with, where I enjoy the supreme luxury of a most comfortable lounge. The waiters like much to see me enter, as I give them very little trouble. After I have given my orders for supper, they may obey them just when they please, and how they please. I would not submit to the toil of complaining for twenty times the value of my supper. After this meal is finished, I read the evening papers, if they lie in my way

or are brought to me readily; for I never ask twice for any thing; and enjoy the news of the day, and a bottle of wine, with all the calmness of a stoick philosopher. If the wine be good, I drink it; if bad I pay for it and leave it, so that I am generally reckoned a very good customer, in cases where the house itself is not very good, and I humbly apprehend that there are a great many such customers as myself, though some of them may perhaps take the trouble to find fault. Night coming on the waiter procures me a coach, and I go to bed with more expedition than I do any thing else, as it is my favorite asylum, and I have neither wife nor mistress to break my rest.

I keep little or no company. I once indeed had a numerous acquaintance, but the plagued me so much with invitations and engagements, that I was quite fatigued to death in complying with them. To breakfast with one, dine with a second, and sup with a third, was enough to kill a person of Herculean strength. It is true, they did not make me drink too much, as the Irish and Scotch hospitality enjoins, but what is drinking when compared to the fatigue of going from place to place, and being obliged to answer a number of impertinent questions which they call conversations? They asked me if it was a cold day, when they saw me shivering; if hot, when I was in a general perspiration; if it snowed when my coat was all over white; or if it rained, when I was wet to the skin. In short I got rid of them all one way or other, and now I have the satisfaction to think that they care as little for me as I do for them.

Marriage I never thought of and there is a fatigue attending gallantry, which cannot be reconciled to my disposition. I live very snugly and comfortably in lodgings where there are no other lodgers, and no children. I had once some relations in the country, but whether they are alive or dead I know not. They plagued me with letters, which I could for a time have borne with, if they had not had the impertinence to expect answers, and, I suppose, were affronted because I sent them none. The only people I converse with are those with whom I lodge, and that conversation becomes shorter and shorter every day, for as they are pretty well acquainted with all my wants and wishes, they have learned to fulfil them, without giving me the trouble to ask for any thing, for which certainly I am much obliged to them. I will pay them what they are entitled to, if they demand it, but I will pay them double if they will hold their tongues.

In a word sir, for I feel myself monstrously fatigued with writing this letter, I am considered by every body as a quiet, inoffensive man, of a serious and sober turn, very regular in all my motion.

motions, and the best lodger a landlord can have, and the best customer a tavern ever had. The few acquaintances who have not forsaken me (and they are very few) comply with all my humours, and carry on their conversation without paying any attention to me. Sometimes they think I am crazy, and indeed have gone so far as to forget that I am in the room, and wink to one another, pointing to their heads. In this manner sir, I live. There is not a quieter man in this country than myself, for I never could suffer the fatigue of politics, and take things just as they run. How I have been able to write so long a letter is to me astonishing. I have not done such a thing these twenty years. Perhaps I might endeavour to account for it, but it would be troublesome. Whether you are pleased to print, or burn it you have no chance of ever hearing from me, while I am,

SAMUEL SLOTH

ACCOUNT OF THE TEA-SHRUB.

[*By Dr. Thunberg,*]

THE tea shrub grows wild in every part of Japan ; and the leaves are gathered annually, at three different seasons. The first harvest commences the beginning of March, when the leaves beginning to push forth possess a viscidous quality and are gathered solely for persons of rank and opulence : these take the name of imperial tea. A month after this the second harvest takes place, when the leaves are full grown, but are still thin, tender, and well flavoured. The principal harvest is the last, when the greatest quantity is gathered, the leaves having all pushed forth completely, and become very thick and stout. The older the leaves are however, and the later in the year the gathering is made, the greater abundance they yield, but the tea is so much the worse.

The Bohea tea grows on a shrub, which is distinct from the green, and there are four harvests of it. The first is of the tender buds in the spring, which have a very high perfume, and are called Pekoe. The second is the delicate and half grown leaf, which is the Souchong. The Congo is the leaf when it is full grown ; and when it is fallen "into the fear," and begins to decline, it is called Bohea.

THE

THE CONSTITUTION OF TURKEY

[*By Mr. Campbell.*]

THE Constitution of this country is laid down expressly in the Koran. The emperor of Turkey (commonly called grand Seignior) is a descendant of Mahomet, who pretended he had the Koran from Heaven : and he is as much bound by the institutes of that book as any subject in his realm—is as liable to deposition as they to punishment for breach of them, and indeed has been more than once deposed, and the next in succession raised to the throne. Thus far, it is obvious, his power is limited and under controul. But that is not all ; it is equally certain that the Turkish government is partly republican ; for though the people at large have no share in the legislation, and are excluded by the Koran from it (which Koran has established and precisely ascertained their rights, privileges, and personal security), yet there is an intermediate power which, when roused to exertion, is stronger than the Emperor's, and stands as a bulwark, between the extremes of Despotism and them. This body is the *Ulama*, composed of all the members of the church and the Law superior to any nobility, jealous of their rights and privileges, and partly taken from the people, not by election, but by profession and talents. In this body are comprised the Moulahs, the hereditary, and perpetual guardians of the religion and laws of the Empire : they derive their authority as much as the emperor from the Koran, and when necessary, act with all the firmness resulting from a conviction of that authority ; which they often demonstrate by opposing his measures, not only with impunity, but success. Their persons are sacred, and they can by means of the unbounded respect in which they are held, rouse the people to arms, and proceed to depose. But what is much more the emperor cannot be deposed without their concurrence.

If, by this provision of the constitution, the power of the monarch, is limited, and the personal security of the subject ascertained, on the one hand ; the energy of the Empire in its external operations is, on the other, very frequently and fatally palsied by it. Declarations of war have been procrastinated, till an injurious and irrecoverable act of hostility has been sustained ; and peace often protracted, when it would have been advantageous. The *Ulama* being a numerous body, it has been found always difficult, often impossible, to unite so many different opinions ; and nothing being to be done without their concurrence, the executive power finds it often impossible to take a decisive step in a crisis.

a crisis of advantageous opportunity. But as this code of laws and government is received as a divine revelation, binding both prince and people, and supposed to be sealed in Heaven, the breach of it would be sufficient to consign even the monarch to deposition and Death.

One striking feature in the constitution of Turkey is, that neither blood nor splendid birth, are of themselves sufficient to recommend a man to great offices. Merit and abilities alone are the pinions which can lift ambition to its height. The cottager may be exalted, to the highest office in the Empire; at least, there is no absolute impediment in his way; and I believe it has often happened. Compare this with France under its late monarchy where no merit could raise a man from the *Canaille*. This, I say, is one of the criterions of a free constitution, and Turkey is so far democratic.

Perhaps there is no part of the world where the flame of parental affection burns with more ardent and unextinguishable strength, or is more faithfully returned by reciprocal tenderness, and filial obedience, than Turkey. Educated in the most unaffected deference and pious submission of their parents' will; trained both by precept and example to the greatest veneration for the aged, and separated almost from their infancy from the women, they acquire a modesty to their superiors, and a bashfulness and respectful deportment to the weaker sex, which never cease to influence them thro' life. A Turk meeting a woman in the street, turns his head from her, as if looking at her were criminal; and there is nothing they detest so much or will more sedulously shun, than an impudent audacious woman. To get the better of a Turk, therefore, there is nothing further necessary, than to let slip a *Virago* at him and he instantly retreats.

Among the variety of errors and moral absurdities falsely ascribed to the Mahometan religion, the exclusion of women from Paradise holds a very conspicuous place, as a charge equally false and absurd: on the contrary, the women have their falls, their ablutions, and the other religious rites deemed by Mahometans necessary to salvation. Notwithstanding, it has been the practice of travellers to have recourse to invention, where the customs of the country, precluded positive information and to give their accounts rather from the suggestions of their own prejudiced imaginations, than from any fair inferences or conclusions drawn from the facts that came under their observations.

AN

WHAT HAVE YE DONE ?

AN ESSAY

WHEN the philosophers of the last age were first congregated into the royal society, great expectations were raised of the sudden progress of useful arts; the time was supposed to be near when engines should turn by a perpetual motion, and health be secured by the universal medicine; when learning should be facilitated by a real character, and commerce extended by ships which could reach their ports in defiance of the tempest.

But improvement is naturally slow. The society met and parted without any visible diminution of the miseries of life. The gout and stone were still painful, the ground that was not ploughed brought no harvest, and neither oranges nor grapes would grow upon the hawthorn. At last, those who were disappointed began to be angry; those likewise who hated innovation were glad to gain an opportunity of ridiculing men who had depreciated, perhaps with too much arrogance, the knowledge of antiquity. And it appears, from some of their earliest apologies, that the philosophers felt, with great sensibility, the unwelcome importunities of those who were daily asking "What have ye done?"

The truth is, that little had been done compared with what fame had been suffered to promise; and the question could only be answered by general apologies, and by new hopes, which when they were frustrated, gave a new occasion to the same vexatious enquiry.

This fatal question has disturbed the quiet of many other minds. He that in the latter part of his life too strictly enquires what he has done, can very seldom receive from his own heart such an account as will give him satisfaction.

We do not indeed so often disappoint others as ourselves. We not only think more highly than others of our own abilities, but allow ourselves to form hopes which we never communicate, and please our thoughts with employments which none ever will allot us, and with elevations to which we are never expected to rise; and when our days and years are past away in common business or common amusements, and we find at last that we have suffered our purposes to sleep till the time of action is past, we are reproached only by our own reflections; neither our friends nor our enemies wonder that we live and die like the rest of mankind; that we live without notice, and die without memorial: they know not what task we had proposed, and therefore cannot discern whether it is finished.

He that compares what he has done with what he has left undone, will feel the effect which must always follow the comparison of imagination with reality; he will look with contempt on his own unimportance, and wonder with what purpose he came into the world: he will repine that he shall leave behind him no evidence of his having been, that he has added nothing to the system of life, but has glided from youth to age among the crowd without any effort for distinction.

Man is seldom willing to let fall the opinion of his own dignity, or to believe that he does little only because every individual is a very little being. He is better content to want diligence than power, and sooner confesses the depravity of his will than the imbecility of his nature.

From this mistaken notion of human greatness it proceeds, that many who pretend to have made great advances in wisdom so loudly declare that they despise themselves. If I had ever found any of the self-contemners much irritated or pained by the consciousness of their meanness, I should have given them consolation by observing that a little more than nothing is as much as can be expected from a being, who, with respect to the multitudes about him, is himself little more than nothing. Every man is obliged, by the supreme master of the universe, to improve all the opportunities of good which are afforded him, and to keep in continual activity such abilities as are bestowed upon him. But he has no reason to repine, though his abilities are small, and his opportunities few. He that has improved the virtue or advanced the happiness of one fellow-creature; he that has ascertained a single moral proposition, or added one useful experiment to natural knowledge, may be contented with his own performance, and, with respect to mortals like himself, may demand, like Augustus, to be dismissed at his departure with applause.

DETACHED THOUGHTS.

WHILE one set of philosophers are disputing as to what we take out of the world with us, another set are no less violent in determining how much we bring into it. I conceive the following to be a just statement of the latter. The infant mind, at coming to the world, is a mere *rafa tabula*, destitute of all ideas and materials of reflection. It is a *charte blanche*, ready for receiving the inscriptions of sense; yet it behoves us carefully to observe, that it differs from the *rafa tabula*, or a sheet of clean paper in the following respect, that you may write on clean paper, 'that sugar is bitter, wormwood sweet, that compassion and gra-

titude

titude are base,' &c. Yet no human art or industry are able to make those impressions on the mind: in respect to them, the mind discovers not a passive capacity, but it resists them with the force of fate; the signification of the words may indeed be altered, but no human power is able to impress the ideas.

There is a wonderful propensity in some men to deceive, and to be deceived, and it appears in nothing more than the mighty business of imparting secrets. A. tells a secret to B. B. promises to keep it, but upon the least impulse, he begins to consider whether he will keep it or not. Men tell secrets, on purpose to discharge or give vent to some passion or affection, and they who receive the secret, betray it from the same motive. It would be wise to tell no secrets; but perhaps it would be wiser, at least much better and safer, if we had none to tell.

It is remarkable how very justly a man often speaks of himself when he thinks he is speaking of somebody else. Of Dr. Johnson it may be justly said, "He has been described as magisterially presiding over the younger writers and assuming the distribution of poetical fame; but he who excels has a right to think, and he whose judgment is incontestible, may, without usurpation, examine and decide. His criticism may be considered as general or occasional. In his general precepts which depend upon the nature of things, and the structure of the human mind, he may doubtless, be safely recommended to the confidence of the reader; but his occasional and particular positions were sometimes interested, sometimes negligent, and sometimes capricious." All this the reader will think, may be very justly and fairly said of Dr. Samuel Johnson; yet these are the very words he uses when giving the character of Dryden, in his life of that poet.

There is a great propriety in young men placing before them some living example of wisdom and goodness, as an object of imitation, and of that virtuous timidity which creates and preserves decency of manners. Do every thing says Seneca as if some one looked on. But the good effect of this advice is lost, because young men associate with young men, and the old forgetting that they have been young, become austere and distant.

Some crimes there are against which human laws have made no provision, and for which the most contrite repentance cannot atone. Those for example, who commit any one act which tends to destroy confidence between man and man, the bond of society and the solace of human life, may be justly said to commit a crime for which they can make no reparation.

Erasmus observes, that dean Colet (the founder of St. Paul's school) had a proverbial saying, " We are all such as our conversation is, and come habitually to practise what we frequently hear." He has preserved this apophthegm in his elaborate collection of adages, and has given it the preference to any of the sentences of the ancient philosophers, and it certainly deserves the most serious consideration.

An old writer says, that greatness and baseness of mind endure injuries, afflictions and affronts so equally, that is a hard matter to distinguish which is the true cause; and sometimes perhaps both may at once contribute to the same effect. But this does not appear to be strictly the case, and conscious innocence surely gives a dignity to suffering, which it were in vain to look for in conscious guilt. Besides in contemplating the Christian martyr at the stake, and the savage Indian under his torments, who does not see a difference that preponderates greatly in favor of the former?

In the last age, *Systems* were in great esteem, and nothing recommended a writer more than his being very copious, and very methodical. From this spirit proceeded voluminous systems of history, law, physic, mathematics, and divinity: but the very learning which this kind of writing furnished, being sufficient to discover its imperfections, and to enable the reader to see that it was contrived rather to circumscribe than to extend his views; there can be no wonder that it grew into discredit, or that after being thoroughly and warmly exposed, people run by degrees into the opposite extreme, were for banishing systems and contracting as much as possible, so as to bring the elements and first principles of knowledge into a narrow compass, by which the folios of the last age, were in the beginning of this reduced to duodecimos.

It has been since found, that this way of writing has also its inconvenience, that these abridgments were not always made with that exquisite judgment that it required to render them useful; that some things, false and uncertain were retained, and others of great weight and importance omitted, which obliged such as were desirous of being thoroughly master of a subject, to have recourse to those larger works, that had been so much decryed, in order to extract from them such particulars as were truly valuable, and served to explain and elucidate those principles of learning, that were obscure and unintelligible without them. For the facilitating this, men of great industry, and who had time upon their hands, began to collect and range these passages in a new order, and from hence arose the modern invention of Dictionaries. Chambers led the way in England, but with only four folios,

folios. The new French Encyclopedia will consist of one hundred and fifty volumes quarto. But, after all, this is not a *book*: it is a *library* put in alphabetical order.

Taste is a second conscience, that dictates in all matters that are external to the heart, and properly belong to the head. A good conscience and a good taste very often go together. There have been few instances of very wicked men who had a taste for the beauties of nature or art, for poetry painting or music. There is always something grovelling and sensual about such, which depraves taste.

There are few men who like it to be known what they are worth. They have no objection to your saying that they are worth two thousand a year, or that they are in a 'capital way' or the first in their business—but the exact sum is what the wish to hide—even from themselves; and hence it is that so many men in trade fail a great deal later than they ought to do. They 'love darkness rather than light,' and have a wonderful knack at putting off the evil day, till it becomes both day and night to them.

EULOGIUM ON STERNE.

By J. S. PRATT.

ALAS! poor Yorick—The powers of fancy and feeling agitated my frame, and every fibre trembles as I hold up *thy* sacred* character to *those* who have so often paid it the tribute of admiration.

Faint description is all that we can display—an ineffectual shadow—Oh! were it possible to decorate it with the proper emblems of *thy* genius—those precious portraits of thy gentle spirit; and those vivid pictures whose colours were dipt in the heaven of thy soul—What a group should we exhibit!—Then should this assemblage bless the tongue of the speaker—then should this roof (much honoured) reecho with applause! Not a hand, not a heart should be still!—Those personages to whom thou hast given life, language, and immortality, should all do homage to thee—the children of thy own creation should arise—thy Corporal should make the Corporal's bow—but make it in such a sort, as manifested his gratitude, even in heaven, for the *honest* heart which thou gavest him on earth.—Uncle Toby should march forwards, and kiss with a martial fervour, the shrine of his maker—Alas, poor Yorick should he say—a fellow of infinite jest—I knew him well!—Le Fevre should attend—attend thee in life's last moment—even while his soul was at his lips, and fluttered betwixt earth

and

* *Holding up a picture.*

and heaven.—The pulse should move—then stop—then go on—but not wholly cease to throb—till he had cast one look at his weeping little boy—and with his last breath had consecrated this character of Yorick.

Even poor Maria—that luckless and loveliest maiden, should be near to worship thee—The tendril bound vine leaf—the string which held Fidelia to her side—and her spirit soothing pipe—yea—and the tear drenched handkerchief, which she dried in her bosom—should all be dedicated—not to the virgin, but to thee—thou friend of the wanderer—to thee who begged of God—to temper the wind to the shorn lamb.

Haply the accusing angel might appear to deliver into heaven's chancery some charges against thee—but depend upon it, the angels of charity, philanthropy, and pity, would not be far off.—Would those whom thou hast so often honoured—suffer ought to fix in yonder register against thee—Oh! no—they would drop an heavenly tear upon the recording page of thy faults—and blot them out for ever.

ACCOUNT OF THE TRAGIC DEATH

OF M. DE LA SALLE.

THREE is no virtue in man which is not blended with some faults; this is generally the fault of human nature; and what increases our humiliation, the greatest virtues are often accompanied by the greatest vices. You will easily see this, Sir, by the short extract from M. Joutel's journal.

M. Robert Cavelier de la Salle, set sail from Rochelle the 24th of July 1684, with a squadron of 4 ships commanded by M. de Beaujeu a captain of a ship. 285 persons, together with 30 volunteers,* and some gentlemen, and a number of workmen and girls embarked with him. M. de la Salle, was on board M. de Beaujeu's ship, in whom he reposed no manner of confidence. Whatever that officer proposed to him, he always answered, with an air of haughtiness, *This is not the King's intention*; he certainly did not take the proper steps to interest a man in his undertaking, whose assistance he wanted to make it succeed. Every one accordingly

* Among these were three priests of St. Sulpitius, one of them M. de la Salle's Brother, Chedeville his relation, and Majulte, besides 4 recollects, who were to establish the missions among the Indians. There were likewise two of his nephews, Morange and Cavelier, fourteen years of age.

accordingly began to judge disadvantageously of an expedition, the chiefs of which seemed to act by very different principles : and time has unhappily confirmed it.

The 28th of December, 1684, the squadron discovered the continent of Florida; and M de la Salle having heard much about the Current that set in to the eastward in the Mexican gulph, he made no doubt but that the mouth of the Mississippi was far to the west, an error that was the cause of all his misfortunes. Accordingly he bore away westward ; but he advanced very little, because he went near the shore from time to time, and sailed along the coast, to try whether he could not discover what he sought for.

The second of January 1685, the squadron was, according to conjecture, pretty near the mouth of the Mississippi ; and on the 10th they passed by it without perceiving it. M. de la Salle, being persuaded that the squadron was but just opposite the Appalachian mountains, continued his voyage without sending his long boat on shore,

It is said, that people shewed him the mouth of the river, and that he would not so much as take the trouble of getting a certainty, because he had taken it into his head, that it could not be the place which was pointed out to him. His obstinacy could not be conquered or justified.

He certainly did not know, or did not think of it, that the greatest men in the world have often been, in part, indebted for their greatest success to people of inferior merit ; and that those are the wifest, who profit by the advice and understanding even of those that are less endowed than they themselves.

Some time after, upon some hints which the Indians on the coast gave him, he wanted to return ; But M. de Beaujeu refused to do him that favour. They pursued the same course ; and the squadron, in a few days, came to St. Bernard's bay, without knowing it. This bay is one hundred leagues to the westward of the Mississippi ; they call anchor there, and sent the boats upon discovery, in order to try to get knowledge of the place they were in. They found a very fine river, with a bar at the mouth of it, where there is not above ten or twelve feet water. This discovery was made after many times sailing backward, and forwards, and after several meetings of the council, in which nothing was concluded, because whenever one proposed any thing the other was sure to oppose it.

M. de la Salle, who believed he was near the Mississippi, and whom M. de Beaujeu's presence constrained more than it did him any service, resolved to land all his people in that place. Having taken this resolution on the 20th of February, he sent orders

to the commander of the ship *La Flute*, to land the heaviest goods, and to go up into the river. He intended to be present at the execution of his orders ; but the Marquis de la Samblonniere, and 5 or 6 Frenchmen, having been taken by the Indians as they walked in the woods, he hastened to free them. He was not yet far from the shore, when casting his eye towards the bay, he saw the flute manœuvring in such a manner as to beat against the rocks. His bad luck, says Joutel, in his relation, prevented his returning to avoid that misfortune. He continued his journey towards the Indian village, where his people had been carried to ; and when he came there, he heard a cannon fired. He took this as a signal to give him notice, that the *Flute* was lost, and his conjecture proved true.

Those who were witnesses to this accident, plainly took it to be the effect of a premeditated design of M. de St. Aigron who commanded that vessel. This loss had many disagreeable consequences, as it contained the ammunition, utensils, tools, and in general all that is necessary to a new settlement. M de la Salle hastened to the place where the ship was lost, and found every body in a total inaction. He begged M. de Beaujeu to lend him his boat and canoe, which he obtained very easily.

He began with saving the crew ; next he got the powder and flower, afterwards the wine and brandy ; he brought on shore about thirty barrels. Had the boat of the *Flute* been able to assist that of the ship *le Joli*, almost every thing would have been saved ; but that was sunk on purpose, and the night being come they were obliged to defer the unloading till the next morning. Some hours being past the wind which came from the sea grew more violent, and the waves increased ; the *Flute* beating against the rocks, burst, and a quantity of goods fell out through the opening, and were carried away by the Sea. This was only perceived at break of day. Thirty more barrels of wine and brandy were saved, together with some barrels full of flour, meat, and pease : all the rest was lost.

To increase the misfortune, they were surrounded on all sides by Indians ; who notwithstanding the care that was taken to prevent their profiting any thing by the general confusion, took away several things which had been preserved from the wreck. The theft was not perceived till they were retired with the booty. They had left several of their canoes on the shore, which were seized upon ; very weak reprisals indeed, which cost much more than they were worth. The Indians came at night to take their canoes ; they surprized those who were left to take care of them and, finding them asleep, they killed two volunteers whom M. de la Salle regretted very much, and wounded his nephew and another person.

So many misfortunes one after another, disgusted several persons who were upon the expedition ; and among others, Messrs. Doinmaville and Mignet, two engineers, who were willing to return to France, to which the discourses of M. de la Salle's enemies contributed greatly ; for they never ceased to cry down his conduct, and tax his project as a silly and rash undertaking. He, on the contrary, never shewed more resolution and firmness ; he constructed a ware-house, surrounded with good entrenchments : and taking it into his head that the river in which he was might possibly be one of the branches of the Mississippi, he prepared to go up in it.

They immediately began erecting a fort. As soon as work was some what advanced, M. de la Salle gave Joutel orders to finish it ; left him the command of it, and about one hundred men : he took the rest of his people about 60 in all, with himself and embarked on the river, with the resolution of going up as high as he could. Joutel stayed but a short time after him in the fort which had been begun ; every night the savages were roving in the neighbourhood ; the French defended themselves against them but with losses that weakened them. On the 14th of July, Joutel received an order from M. de la Salle, to join him with all his people.

Many good stout men had been killed or taken by the Indians others were dead with fatigue, and the number of sick increased every day ; in a word nothing could be more unhappy than M. de la Salle's situation. He was devoured with grief, but he dissimulated it pretty well, by which means his dissimulation degenerated into a morose obstinacy. As soon as he saw all his people together, he began in good earnest to think of making a settlement, and fortifying it. He was the engineer of his own fort, and being always the first to put his hand to work, every body worked as well as he could to follow his example.

Nothing was wanting but to encourage this good will of the people, but M. de la Salle had not sufficient command of his temper. At the very time when his people spent their forces with working, and had but just as much as was absolutely necessary to live upon, he could not prevail on himself to relax his severity a little or alter his inflexible temper, which is never seasonable, and less so in a new settlement. It is not sufficient to have courage, health, and watchfulness, to make any undertaking succeed ; many other talents are requisite. Moderation, patience and disinterestedness, are equally necessary. It is useful to dissimulate now and then, to prevent making evil worse. Gentleness is the best method which every commander can follow.

M. de la Salle punished the least faults with an unheard of cruelty ; and seldom any word of comfort came from his mouth to those who suffered with the greatest constancy. He had of course to see all his people fall into a state of languor and despondency, which was more the effect of despair, than of excess of labour, or scantiness of good nourishment.

Having given his last orders at his fort, he resolved to advance into the country, and began to march on the 12th of January 1687, with M. de Cavelier his brother, Moranget and the young Cavelier his nephews, Father Anastasius, a Franciscan friar, Joutel, Duhaut, L'Archeveque de Marne, a German, whose name was Hiens, a Surgeon named Liétot, the pilot Teffier, Saget, and an Indian who was a good huntsman. I mentioned them all, because they shall be spoke of in the sequel.

As they advanced further into the country, they found it inhabited ; and when they were but forty leagues from the nation of the Cenis, they heard that there was a Frenchman among those Indians. It was a sailor from Lower Bretany, who had lost himself when M. de la Salle first came down the Mississippi : this poor wretch lived among the Cenis since 1682, having been adopted by them. He did not hope to see Europe again, nothing but chance could procure him the means of returning thither : Joutel went to fetch him from amongst those Indians. He only quitted them to be witness of a crime.

The 17th of May, Moranget being on a hunting party, and having, as it is said, abused with words, Duhaut, Hiens and the surgeon, Liétot, those three men resolved to get rid of him as soon as possible, and to begin with the servant of M. de la Salle and his Indian huntsman, who was called Nika, who both accompanied Moranget, and could have defended him. They communicated their design to L'Archeveque, and the pilot Teffier, who approved of it, and desired to take part in the execution. They did not speak of it to the Sieur de Marne, who was with them, and whom they wished to have been able to get away. The next night, whilst the three unhappy victims whom they would sacrifice to revenge slept very quietly, Liétot gave each of them several blows with the hatchet on the head. The Indian and the servant died immediately. Moranget raised himself so as to sit upright, without speaking a word ; and the murderers obliged the Sieur de Marne to dispatch him, threatening to kill him too if he refused ; thus by making him an accomplice of their crime, they wanted to secure themselves against his accusing them.

The first crime is always followed by uneasiness : the greatest villains find it difficult to conquer it : the murderers conceived that

that it would not be easy to escape the just vengeance of M. de la Salle, unless by preventing him : and this they resolved upon, after deliberating on the means of effecting it. They thought the safest way was to meet him, and surprize all that accompanied him, and so open themselves a way for the murder which they intended to perpetrate.

So strange a resolution could only be inspired by that blind despair which hurries villains into the abyss which they dig for themselves : an unexpected incident became favourable to them and delivered into their hands the prey which they sought for. A river that separated them from the camp, and which was considerably increased since they passed it, kept them two days : this retardment, which at first seemed an obstacle to their project facilitated the execution of it. M. de la Salle, wondering that his nephew did not return, nor either of the two men that were with him, determined to go and seek them himself. It was remarked that he was uneasy when he was going to set out, and enquired with a kind of uncommon concern, whether Moranget had quarrelled with any one.

He then called Joutel, and entrusted him with the command of his camp, ordering him to go his rounds in it from time to time, and to light fires, that the smoke might bring him on his road, in case he should lose his way ; he likewise bid him give nobody leave to absent himself. He set out on the 20th, attended by Father Agnaltatius and an Indian. As he approached to the place where the assassins had stopt, he saw some eagles soaring pretty near the place, and concluded that there was some carion : he fired his gun ; and the conspirators, who had not yet seen him, guessing that it was he who was coming, got their arms in readiness. The river was between them and him : Duhaut and L'Archeveque crossed it ; and seeing M. de la Salle advancing slowly, they stopped. Duhaut hid himself in the long grass, with his gun cocked, L'Archeveque advanced a little more : and a moment after, M. de la Salle knowing him, asked him where his nephew was ? He answered, that he was lower down. At the same instant Duhaut fired : M. de la Salle received the shot in his head, and fell down dead.

It was the 20th of May, 1687, that this murder was committed near the Cenis. Father Agnaltatius, seeing M. de la Salle drop down at his feet, expected that the murderers would not spare him, though they should have no other view in it than to get rid of a witness of their crime. Duhaut came near him to quiet him, and told him, that what they had done was an act of despair, and that they had long thought of revenging themselves on Moranget, who had endeavoured to ruin them. Father Agnaltatius

naftatius informed M. Cavelier of his brother's death : that gentleman told him that if it was their intention to kill him likewise, he would forgive them his death before hand, and he only demanded, as a favour, a quarter of an hour to prepare himself for death. They replied, that he had nothing to fear, and that nobody complained of him.

Joutel was not then in the camp ; L'Archeveque, who was his friend, ran to inform him, that his death was certain if he shewed any resentment of what had happened, or if he pretended to take advantage of the authority with which M. de la Salle had invested him. Joutel, who was of a very gentle temper, answered, that they should be content with his conduct, and that he believed that they ought to be pleased with the manner in which he had hitherto behaved ; and then he returned to the camp.

As soon as Duhaut saw Joutal, he called out to him, that every one shoud command by turns. He had already taken all the authority into his hands ; and the first use he made of it, was to make himself master of the magazine. He divided it afterwards with L'Archeveque, saying, that every thing belonged to him. There were about thirty thousand livres worth of goods, and near twenty-five thousand livres both in coin and in plate.

These assassins had force and boldness on their side ; they had shewn themselves capable of the greatest crimes, accordingly they met with no resistance at first. They soon divided, and quarrelled among themselves ; they found difficulties in dividing the treasure ; they came to blows, and Hiens fired his pistol at Duhaut's head, who reeled, and fell four yards from the place where he stood. At the same time Rutel the sailor, whom Joutel fetched from the Cenis, fired a gun at Liétot. That wretch lived yet several hours though he had three balls in his body ; So the two assassins, one of M. de la Salle, and the other of his nephew Moranget, were themselves the victims of that spirit of fury, which they had inspired to this unhappy colony.

The Indians knew not what to think of these murderers ; they were quite scandalized by them. They were in the right, and could with more reason treat those Frenchmen as barbarians than we had to consider them as such. Be that as it will, such was the tragic death of Robert Cavelier Sieur de la Salle, a man of abilities, of a great extent of genius, and of a courage and firmness of mind which might have carried him to something very great, if, with these good qualities, he had known how to get the better of his fullen morose mind, to soften his severity, or rather the roughness of his temper, and check the haughtiness with which he treated not only those who depended entirely upon

upon himself, but even his associates. The most unhappy thing for the memory of this famous man is, that he has not been pitied by any body, and that the bad success that has attended his undertakings has given him the appearance of an adventurer among those who only judge from appearances. Unhappily they are commonly the greatest number, and their voice is, in a manner, the voice of the people. He has further been reproached with never taking advice from any body, and with having ruined his private affairs by his obstinacy.*

AN INTERESTING FRAGMENT.

(From the Ghost-Seer, or Apparitionist.)

THE sun was setting when we came to the inn, where a supper had been prepared for us. The Prince's name had augmented our company to sixteen. Besides the above-mentioned persons, there was a Virtuoso of Rome; some gentlemen of Switzerland, and an adventurer of Palermo in regimentals, who pretended to be a captain. We resolved to spend the evening where we were, and to return home by torch-light. The conversation at table was lively. The Prince could not forbear relating his adventure of the key, which excited a general surprize.† A warm dispute on the subject presently took place. Most of the company positively maintained, that the pretended, occult sciences were nothing better than juggling tricks. The french Abbé, who had drunk rather too much wine, challenged the whole tribe of Ghofts. The english lord uttered blasphemies. The musician made a cross to exorcise the devil. Some of the company amongst whom was the prince, contended, that our judgment respecting such matters ought to be kept in suspense, in the mean time the Russian officer discoursed with the ladies, and

did

* In order to diminish the villainy of Dubaut, it has been spread that M. de la Salle had kill'd young Dubaut with his own hands, and that he had treated several others in the same manner; that it was despair and revenge that animated the conspirators, who feared to perish themselves by his injustice and severity. One ought to be so much the more upon one's guard against such calumniating discourses, as it is but too common to increase the faults of the unhappy, and to attribute to them even those which they really have not.

† The Prince had lost a key. Stopping at a mountebank's stage, he purchased a ticket in a lottery, which was then drawing. He drew a small box, upon opening which he found his lost key.

did not seem to pay attention to any part of the conversation. In the heat of the dispute, the pretended Sicilian Captain left the room without being observed. Half an hour after he returned, wrapt up in a cloak, and placed himself behind the chair of the frenchman. "A few moments ago," said he, "you had the boldness to challenge the whole tribe of Ghosts. Would you wish to make a trial with one of them?"—

"I will," answered the *Abbé*, "if you will take upon you to introduce one."—

"That I am ready to do," replied the Sicilian, turning to us, as soon as these ladies and gentlemen shall have left us."—

"Why only then?" exclaimed the englishman; "a courageous Ghost has surely no dread of a cheerful company."

"I would not answer for the consequences," said the Sicilian.

"For heaven's sake, no!" cried the ladies starting affrighted from their chairs.—

"Call your Ghost," said the *Abbé*, in a tone of defiance; "but warn him before-hand that he will have to encounter with a good blade." At the same time he asked one of the company for a sword.—

"If you preserve the same intention in his presence," answered the Sicilian coolly, "you may then act as you please." And addressing the Prince: "Your Highness," added he, "thinks your key has been in the hands of a stranger; can you conjecture in whose?"—"No." Have you no suspicion?"—"Certainly I have."—Could you know the person if you saw him?"—"Undoubtedly."

The Sicilian, throwing back his cloak, took out a looking-glass and held it before the Prince. "Is this the same?"—The Prince drew back astonished. "Whom have you seen?" I said.—"The Arminian."

The Sicilian concealed his looking-glass under his cloak.

"Is it the same person?" demanded the company.—"The same."—

A sudden change manifested itself on every face. No more laughter was to be heard. All eyes were fixed with curiosity on the Sicilian.

"*Monsieur l'Abbé!* the matter grows serious," said the Englishman. "I advise you to think of retreating."—

"The fellow is possessed with the devil," exclaimed the frenchman, and flew out of the house. The ladies screamed, and hastily left the room. The Virtuoso followed them. The german Prebendary was snoaring in a chair. The Russian officer continued indifferent in his place as before.

"Perhaps your intention was only to make this *bravado* appear ridiculous."

ridiculous," said the Prince, after they were gone; "or would you fulfil your promise with us?"—

"It is true replied the Sicilian, I was but jesting with the *Abbé*. I took him at his word, because I knew very well that the coward would not suffer me to proceed to extremities. Besides, the matter is too serious to be trifled with."—

"You grant it is in your power?"

The conjurer maintained a long silence, and kept his look fixed steadily on the Prince, as if to examine him.

"It is in my power," answered he at last.

The Prince's curiosity was now raised to the highest pitch. A fondness for the mysterious had ever been his prevailing weakness. His improved understanding, and a proper course of reading, had for some time dissipated every idea of this kind; but the appearance of the Arminian had again revived them. He went aside with the Sicilian, and I heard them in very earnest conversation.

"You see in me," said the Prince, "a man who burns with impatience to be convinced on this momentous subject. I would embrace as a benefactor, I would cherish as my best friend, him who could dissipate my doubts, and remove the veil from my eyes. Would you reader me this important service?"—

"What is your request?" replied the Sicilian, hesitating,—

"I now only beg a specimen of your art. Let me see an apparition."—

"To what will this lead?"

"After a more intimate acquaintance with me, you may be able to judge whether I deserve a further instruction."

"I have the greatest esteem for your Highness, my prince.—the first sight of you has bound me forever. You have unlimited command over my power, but"—

"So you will let me see an apparition?"

"But I must first be certain that you do not require it from mere curiosity. Though the invisible powers be in some degree at my command, it is on this sacred condition, that I do not abuse my empire."—

"My intentions are pure. I want truth."—

They left their places, and removed to a window, where I could no longer hear them. The English lord who had likewise listened to this conversation, took me aside: "Your Prince is a generous man. I am sorry for him. I will pledge my salvation that he has to do with a rascal."—

"Every thing depends on the manner in which the conjurer will extricate himself from this business."—

"Well!"

"Well! the poor fellow is now affecting to be delicate. He will not shew his tricks, unless he hears the sound of gold. We are nine. Let us make a collection. That will subdue him, and perhaps open the eyes of the Prince."—

I consented. The englishman threw six guineas upon a plate, and gathered around. Each of us gave some louis d'ors. The Russian officer was particularly pleased with our proposal; he gave a bank note of one hundred and fifty zechins; a prodigality which astonished the englishman. We brought the money to the Prince. "Be so kind," said the english lord, as to prevail on this gentleman to exhibit to us a specimen of his art, and to accept of this small token of our gratitude." The Prince added a ring of value, and offered the whole to the Sicilian. He hesitated a few moments. "Gentlemen," said he afterwards, I am humbled by this generosity, but I yield to your request. Your wishes shall be gratified."—At the same time he rung the bell.—"As for this money," continued he, "on which I have no claim for myself, permit me to send it to the next monastery, to be applied to pious uses. I shall only keep this ring, as a precious memorial of the worthiest of Princes."

The landlord came in; the Sicilian gave him the money.—"He is a rascal notwithstanding," said the englishman whispering to me. He refuses the money because at present his designs are chiefly on the Prince."—

"Whom do you want to see?" said the conjurer—

The Prince considered for a moment. You had better demand at once a great personage," said the englishman. "Ask for Pope Ganganelli. It can make no difference to this gentleman."

The Sicilian bit his lips. "I dare not call one of God's anointed."—

"That is a pity!" replied the English lord; "perhaps we might have heard of him what disorder he died of."

"The *Marquis de Lancy*," began the Prince, "was a french général in the seven years war, and my most intimate friend. Having received a mortal wound in the battle of *Hassenbeck*, he was carried to my tent, where he soon after died in my arms. In his last agony he made a sign for me to approach.—Prince said he to me I shall never see my country any more, I must acquaint you with a secret known to none but myself. In a convent on the frontiers of Flanders lives a He expired. Death cut the thread of his speech. I wish to see my friend to hear the remainder."

"You

"You ask much!" exclaimed the Englishman with an oath, and addressing the Sicilian; "I proclaim you the greatest sorceret on earth, if you can solve this problem."—We admired the sagacity of the prince, and unanimously applauded his request. In the mean time the conjurer was hastily walking about the room, undecisive, and apparently struggling with himself.

"This was all that the dying Marquis communicated to you."

"Nothing more."

"Did you make no farther inquiries about the matter in his country?"—

"I did, but they all proved fruitless."

"Had the Marquis led an irreproachable life? I dare not call every shade indistinctly."

"He died repenting the errors of his youth."—

"Do you carry with you any remembrance of him?"—

"I do."—The prince had really a snuff box, with the Marquis's portrait enamelled in miniature on the lid, which he had placed upon the table near his plate during the time of supper.

"I do not want to know what it is. If you will leave me alone, you shall see the deceased."—

He desired us to pass into the other pavilion, and wait there till he called us. At the same time he caused all the furniture to be removed out of the room, the windows to be taken out and the shutters to be well bolted. He ordered the innkeeper, with whom he appeared to be intimately connected, to bring a vessel with burning coals, and carefully to extinguish, every fire in the house. Previous to our leaving the room, he obliged us separately to pledge our honour, that we would maintain an everlasting silence respecting every thing we might see and hear. The doors of the pavilion we were in were bolted behind us when we left it.

It was past eleven, and a dead silence reigned through the whole house. As we were retiring from the saloon, the Russian officer asked me, whether we had loaded pistols. "To what purpose?" said I—"They may possibly be of some use," replied he. "Wait a moment. I will provide some." He went away. The chamberlain Z. and I opened a window opposite the pavilion we had left. We fancied we heard two persons whispering to each other, and a noise like that of a ladder applied to one of the windows. This was however, a mere conjecture, and I dare not affirm it as a fact. Half an hour after the Russian officer came back with a brace of pistols. We saw him load them with powder and ball. It was almost two o'clock in the morning, when the conjurer came for us. Before we entered

the room he desired us to take off our shoes, coats, and waist-coats. He bolted the doors after us as before.

We found in the middle of the room a large black circle, drawn with charcoal, the space within which was capable of containing us all ten very easily. The planks of the chamber floor next to the wall were taken up, quite round the room, so that the place where we stood was, as it were insulated. An altar covered with black, was placed in the centre upon a carpet of red fattin. A Chaldean bible was laid open, together with a dead man's skull ; and a silver crucifix was fastened upon the altar. Instead of wax tapers, some spirits of wine were burning in a silver box. A thick smoke of perfume obscured the light, and darkened the room. The conjurer was undressed like us, but bare footed. About his neck he wore an amulet, suspended by a chain of man's hair ; round his middle was a white apron, marked with mysterious cyphers and symbolical figures. He desired us to take hold of each other's hand, and observe a profound silence. Above all he ordered us not to ask the apparition any question. He desired the English lord and myself whom he seemed to mistrust the most, constantly to hold two naked swords across, one inch high, above his head, during all the time of the conjuration. We formed a half moon round him ; the Russian officer, placed himself close to the English lord, and was the nearest to the altar. The conjurer stood with his face turned toward the East upon the fattin carpet. He sprinkled holy water in the direction of the four cardinal points of the earth, and bowed three times before the bible, "The formula of the conjuration, of which we did not understand a word, lasted for the space of seven or eight minutes ; at the end of which he gave a sign to those who stood the nearest behind him, to seize him fast by his hair. In the most violent convulsions, he thrice called the deceased by his name, and the third time he stretched his hand towards the crucifix.

On a sudden we all felt, at the same instant, a stroke as of a flash of lightning, so powerful, that it obliged us to quit each other's hands. A terrible thunder shook the house. The locks jarred : the doors creaked ; the cover of the silver box fell down and extinguished the light : and on the opposite wall over the chimney, appeared a human figure, in a bloody shirt, with the paleness of death on its countenance.

"Who calls me?" said a hollow, and hardly intelligible voice.

"Thy friend," answered the conjurer, "who respects thy memory, and prays for thy soul."—He named the prince.

"The

The answers of the Apparition were given at very long intervals.

“What does he want of me ?” continued the voice.

“He wants to hear the remainder of a secret, which thou began’st to impart to him in thy last moments.”

“In a convent on the frontiers of Flanders lives a”

The house again trembled ; a dreadful thunder rolled ; a flash of lightning illuminated the room ; the doors flew open, and another human figure, bloody and pale as the first, but more terrible, appeared on the threshold. The spirit in the box began again to burn by itself, and the hall was light as before.

“Who is amongst us ?” exclaim’d the conjurer, terrified and casting around a look of horror, ; “I did not want thee.”—The figure advanced with slow and majestic steps directly up to the altar, stood on the fattin carpet over against us, and touched the crucifix. The first figure was no more.

“Who calls me ?” demanded the second apparition.

The conjurer began to tremble. Terror and amazement overpowered us. I seized a pistol. The sorcerer snatched it out of my hand, and fired it at the apparition. The ball rolled slowly upon the altar, and the figure remained unaltered. The sorcerer fainted away.

“What is this ?” exclaimed the Englishman, in astonishment. He was going to strike at the Ghost with a sword. The figure touched his arm, and his weapon fell on the ground. Courage forsook us.

During all this time the Prince stood fearless and tranquil, his eyes fixed on the second apparition. “Yes, I know thee,” said he at last with emotion ; “Thou art *Lanoy*. Thou art my friend. Whence dost thou come.

“Eternity is mute. Ask me about my past life.”

“I wish to know who it is that lives in the Convent that thou mentioned’st to me in thy last moments ?”

“My daughter.”

“How ! Hast thou been a father ?”

“Woe is me that I was not such an one as I ought to have been.”

“Art thou not happy, *Lanoy* ?”

“God has judged.”

“Can I render thee any further service in this world ?”

“None, but to think of thyself.”

“How must I do it ?”

“Thou will’st hear at Rome.”

The thunder again rolled ; a black cloud of smoke filled the room ; it dispersed, and the figure was no longer visible. I forced open one of the window shutters. It was day break.

THE REMARKABLE DUEL.

THE fame of an English dog has been deservedly transmitted to posterity by a monument in basso relievo, which still remains on the chimney piece of the grand hall, at the Castle of Montargis in France. The sculpture represents a dog fighting with a champion, and was occasioned by the following circumstances.

Aubri de Mondridier, a gentleman of family and fortune, travelling alone through the forest of Bondi, was murdered, and buried under a tree. His dog an English blood hound, would not quit his master's grave for several days, till at length compelled by hunger, he went to the house of an intimate friend of the unfortunate Aubri's at Paris, and by his melancholy howling, seemed desirous of expressing the loss they had both sustained. He repeated his cries, ran to the door, then looked back to see if any one followed him, returned to his master's friend, pulled him by the sleeve, and with dumb eloquence entreated him to go with him.

The singularity of all the actions of the dog ; his coming there without his master, whose faithful companion he always had been ; his sudden disappearance of his master ; and, perhaps, that divine dispensation of justice and events, which will not permit the guilty to remain long undetected, made the company resolve to follow the dog ; who conducted them to the tree, where he renewed his howl, scratching the earth with his feet, to signify that was the spot where they should search. Accordingly, on digging, the body of the unfortunate Aubri was found.

Some time after the dog accidentally met the assassin, who is styled, by all historians that relate this fact, the Chevalier Macaire ; when instantly seizing him by the throat, it was with great difficulty he was made to quit his prey. Whenever he saw him afterwards, the dog pursued and attacked him with equal fury. Such obstinate virulence in the animal, confined only to Macaire appeared extraordinary to those persons who recollect the dog's fondness for his master, and at the same time several instances wherein Macaire had displayed his envy and hatred to Aubri de Mondridier.

Additional circumstances increased suspicion, which at length reached the royal ear. The king, Louis VIII. sent for the dog. He

He appeared extremely gentle, until perceiving Macaire, in the midst of twenty noblemen, he ran directly towards him, growled and flew at him as usual.

In those times, when no positive proof of a crime could be procured, an order was issued for a combat between the accuser and accused. These were denominated the judgments of God, from a persuasion that heaven would sooner work a miracle than suffer innocence to perish with infamy.

The king, struck with such a circumstantial collection of evidence against Macaire, determined to refer the decision to the chance of war, or in other words, he gave orders for a combat between the Chevalier and the dog. The lists were appointed in the isle of Notre Dame, then an uninclosed, uninhabited place: Macaire's weapon was a great cudgel.

The dog had an empty cask allowed for his retreat, to recover breath. The combatants being ready, the dog no sooner found himself at liberty, than he ran round his adversary, avoiding his blows menacing him on every side, till his strength was exhausted; then springing forward he gripped him by the throat threw him on the ground and forced him to confess his crime before the king and the whole court. In consequence of which the Chevalier, after a few days, was convicted upon his own acknowledgment, and beheaded on a scaffold in the isle of Notre Dame.

COMPENDIUM OF THE ANCIENT BLUE LAWS.

(From a History of Connecticut.)

THE governor and magistrates, convened in general assembly are the supreme power under God of this independent dominion. From the determination of the assembly no appeal shall be made.

Whosoever says there is a power and jurisdiction above and over this dominion, shall suffer death and loss of property,

Conspiracy, attempting to change or overturn this dominion shall suffer death.

The judges shall determine controversy without a jury.

No one shall be a freeman, or give a vote, unless he be converted, and a member in full communion with one of the churches allowed in this dominion.

No man shall hold any office who is not found in the faith, and faithful

faithful to this dominion ; and whoever gives a vote to such a person, shall pay a fine of 20 shillings for the first offence ; and for the second he shall be disfranchised.

Each freeman shall swear by the blessing of God to bear true allegiance to this dominion, and that Jesu is the only King.

No Quaker, or dissenter from the worship of the established dominion, shall be allowed to give a vote for the election of magistrates or any officer.

No food or lodging shall be afforded a Quaker, Adamite or other Heretick.

If any person turns Quaker, he shall be banished, and not suffered to return upon pain of death.

No priest shall abide in this dominion ; he shall be banished, and suffer death on his return. Priests may be seized by any one without a warrant.

No one is to cross a ferry, but with an authorized ferryman.

No one shall run on the sabbath day, or walk in his garden or elsewhere except reverently to and from meeting.

No one shall travel, cook victuals, make beds, sweep house, cut hair, or shave on the sabbath day.

No Woman shall kiss her child on the Sabbath or Fasting days.

The Sabbath shall begin at fun set on Saturday.

To pick an ear of corn growing in a neighbour's garden, shall be deemed theft.

A person accused with trespass in the night shall be judged guilty, unless he clear himself by his oath.

When it appears that an accused has confederates, and he refuses to discover them, he may be racked.

No one shall buy or sell lands without permission of the selectmen.

Whoever publishes a lie to the prejudice of his neighbour, shall sit in the stocks, or be whipped 15 stripes.

No minister shall keep a school.

Whoever brings cards or dice into this dominion shall pay a fine of £5.

Whoever wears clothes trimmed with gold, silver, or bone lace above two shillings by the yard, shall be presented by the grand jurors, and the selectmen shall tax the offender at £300 estate.

A debtor in prison, swearing he has no estate, shall be let out, and sold to make satisfaction.

Whoever

Whoever sets a fire in the woods and it burns a house, shall suffer death: and persons suspected of this crime shall be imprisoned without benefit of bail.

No one shall read common prayer, keep Christmas, or saints days, make minced pies, play cards, or play on any instrument of musick, except the drum, trumpet and jews harp.

No gospel minister shall join people in marriage; the magistrates only shall join in marriage, as they may do it with less scandal to Christ's church.

When parents refuse their children convenient marriages, the magistrates shall determine the point.

Fornication shall be punished by compelling marriage as the court may direct.

Adultery shall be punished with death.

A man that strikes his wife shall pay a fine of £10; a woman that strikes her husband shall be punished at the discretion of the court.

A wife shall be deemed good evidence against her husband.

No man shall court a maid in person, or by letter, without first obtaining the consent of her parents. £5. penalty for the first offence; £10 for the second; and for the third, imprisonment during pleasure.

Married persons must live together or be imprisoned.

Every male shall have his hair cut round according to a cap.

AGRICULTURE.

Extract from the Minutes of the London Agricultural Society.

Salt as a Manure.

THREE is no subject in common life, deserves greater attention than agriculture; and nothing appears better calculated to promote its progress, than the discovery of proper manures; that can be obtained in plenty, and at a moderate price.

Manures when divested of their salts are reduced to mere lifeless matter therefore, to procure salts proper for vegetation without any extraneous mass would be an important discovery. It has been proved by experience, that those lands, which have been covered by the tides, produce grafts and corn superior to any other: and when the farmer was allowed foul salt to improve his fields, they never failed to return abundant crops; which is a clear demonstration that common salt is replete with the same fertilizing qualities as sea water. It is also known, that common salt contains an alkali equal to the nitre, which enriches the lands in India.

India, and the low grounds of Egypt, but common salt will be found preferable to nitre, because pure nitre fumers the extra heats to exhale moisture; while the alkali which is combined with the acid of common salt, is so fixed as to attract an additional moisture. This then is a true magnet to water; for heat equal to boiling water, will not dry a salted soil. As it is generally agreed that air and water, with what is dissolved in them constitute the food of plants, to cultivate land in such a manner as to make it retain a proper quantity of air and water, would in all probability, be the best means of rendering it fertile. In that view, a soil to be perpetually fertile, must be endowed with powers to retain air and water sufficient for its plants, and at the same time must be of a nature that will not harden by moisture. Salt promises to answer all these different purposes, for it will prevent the soil from being hardened by water, and also invigorate the same by its retentive, alkaline, and acid qualities. These suggestions almost amount to a proof, that common salt is that desirable object, which, when properly used, will prove to be the real acid solvent, so essentially necessary to prepare matter proper for the food of plants: but all its merit is of little worth, so long as it is subject to the high duty imposed by the legislature. If government would be pleased to attend to these remarks, and abolish the duty, and substitute in its stead an additional land-tax of three pence in the pound, it would raise more money in the exchequer, than the present duty. Salt would then be the cheapest, best, and most universal manure in nature; and also be the means of advancing botany, gardening, and every branch of agriculture, with chymistry, and also the metallic arts, to a certain degree of perfection. Before the prohibition of foul salts, when the farmer proposed to turn his lands to tillage in autumn, he sowed a double quantity of salt, in order to destroy grass, rush, weeds, gorse, fern, broom, worms, snails, &c. The whole was by that means, converted into a rich manure, which supported three succeeding crops, and left the soil, after all in good condition. This mode of preparation appears superior to any other. Some farmers have sown about 1000 lb. of salt on one acre of land, as soon as ploughed, in order to meliorate the soil, before the seed was sown. They have also laid on meadow grounds, as soon as cut, and pasture lands, in the winter about the same quantity.

ON IMPROVING POOR LANDS.

BY SOWING
RED CLOVER SEED.

From the Transactions of the Agricultural Society of New-York

OME years ago, I saw a piece of very poor loamy land. It was grown over with moss, and yielding no pasture, except *five fingers* and a few daisies; it was ploughed up early in the spring and sown with nothing but red clover-seed, four quarts to the acre. The next year it produced a considerable quantity of hay, which was the only crop, though the land was much better afterwards. I make no doubt but this mode of culture might be improved to great advantage. It is the only instance I have seen of clover seed being sown alone on any land. It is commonly said that the sowing of this seed will answer no purpose on very poor land; perhaps the reason is that wheat, rye, oats, or something else, is sown at the same time, which exhausts all the strength of the land to bring it to perfection, and leaves the clover that comes up in so weak and languid a state, that it eventually comes to nothing; when, if the clover had all the nourishment the land was capable of affording, it might produce a sufficiency of feed the first year to pay for the seed sown and the tillage; and the next year a considerable crop of hay, which would be a clear profit; and if the lands were plowed up the next spring after cutting the hay, while the roots of the grass were alive, it would so enrich the land that in the next process the seed and hay would be much increased, and by continuing this mode of culture the lands would be made good without further manure. I would propose that the advantages of this mode of improving poor lands be ascertained by experiments to be made on different soils by gentlemen of the society who are farmers.

HUMOROUS APOLOGY FOR COXCOMBS.

“ The Coxcomb’s course is wond’rous clever.”

THERE is not any person, among all my acquaintance whose movements I have more narrowly watched than those of a young coxcomb, who sometimes visits me. If the reader wishes to know why I have so critically inspected the actions of this finical youth. I will explain my motives as concisely as I can. I have often heard that every description of men have some

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useful

useful and commendable qualifications: and in order to ascertain the truth of this observation, I pitched upon a coxcomb as the most suitable subject to bring the question to a test. If any valuable qualities can be discovered in such a character, I think we may pronounce with some certainty, that no mortal is exempt from a share of good properties. We should distinguish between qualities that are useful to one's self, and those that are so to other people. My present enquiry shall be principally confined to the former.

In the first place then a coxcomb cannot be a lazy man. I am sensible many censorious people are often ranking him with the idle and dissolute. The charge has no foundation in truth. Whoever attempts to follow all the fluctuations of the fashions, and suffers no other person to keep a head of him in this respect, will find full employment for his activity and discernment. It is impossible any one can do this and be indolent. The young scribbler, of whom I am now speaking, is engaged in no professed line of business, and yet I know of no person whose time is more incessantly occupied. He mentioned to me, the other morning by way of apology for not performing an engagement he was under, that he had not had a leisure moment, for more than a fortnight past. This circumstance induced me to keep a vigilant eye over his actions, and satisfy myself in what manner he consumed his days. I called at his lodgings two or three mornings successively, so early that I found him at home, he employed nearly three hours in dressing, and I am convinced he could not do it in a shorter time. More than a hour was devoted to the barber, and the reader may be certain it was not a moment too long. The fop had almost as much to do as the barber, for he rose from the chair ten times in the course of the operation, to see if all the hairs were well adjusted. But the hardest task was with the boot maker. My friend had a dozen pair of boots to try, and it took him more than fifteen minutes to draw one boot over his leg. In the course of the experiment I am confident he went through more fatigue than a labouring man would have endured, by breaking flax smartly for six hours. It would be endless for me to particularize all the objects, which unavoidably fall in the way, and prevent a coxcomb, from wearing a way his moments in sloth and inactivity. It must be remembered that he has the process of dressing to pass through, twice in 24 hours. The remainder of his time is spent in visiting and in some fashionable amusements, which can by no means be performed by a lazy man. These remarks will, I hope, exculpate my dressy acquaintance from the charge of idleness.

But

But a more beneficial effect, than that just mentioned is derived from being a complete coxcomb, in the security it affords a man against the pains and inconveniences of being captivated with female charms. It is well known that one of these butterfly men loves no created being so well as himself. His whole powers of admiration find employment about his own person. Any disgust or inattention, shewn him by a female, is called caprice; and is supposed to result from a want of elegance or purity of taste. This shelter against these frequent impressions, which men of less personal vanity feel, is no inconsiderable advantage. It may fairly be denominated a useful quality to the person who possesses it. Though he extravagantly admires no lady, still he may be the friend and patron of many. Superficial women court his attention because they are pleased with his finery; and sensible women have pleasantries enough to indulge his vanity and self-approbation. His forms of politeness and good humour, are conspicuous, and he will grant the ladies every thing they ask of him except his admiration and love.

A still greater utility, in being a devotee to dress and gaiety, proceeds from its being a pretty effectual guard against gross intemperance, and many other vices destructive of health and morals. The life of an abandoned profligate is not compatible with that of a finished coxcomb. Very different passions give rise to these characters, and they have very different objects in view. Scenes of extravagant dissipation are generally attended with rough language, than which nothing can be more disagreeable to a man of real foppery. He avoids every situation where he cannot be looked at and flattered. His inclination leads him among genteel people, who admit him as an associate for the civility of his deportment, and who are themselves too well bred to call in question his claims to admiration.

Upon the whole, I am induced to believe, that most people entertain too mean an opinion of coxcombs. It is a much more unexceptionable character than is usually imagined; and a well shaped stripling, who has rich friends, and slender talents, may be said to have taken his best destiny—when dress is the object of his care, and personal vanity the motive of his conduct. By this means, he will at least escape being a lounger, as he must of course be active and busy to keep up the part he assumes.—Nor will he probably become a drunkard, a knave or a blackguard; for he can be neither of these, without essentially interfering with the main wish of his heart, to be complimented as a *sweet pretty fellow.*

[TABLET.

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Select

S E L E C T E D P O E T R Y.

T H E B A R D.

By MR. GRAY.

The following inimitable Ode is founded on a tradition current in Wales, that Edward the first, when he completed the conquest of that country, ordered all the Bards that fell into his hands to be put to death.

• R UIN seize thee, ruthless King!
 • Confusion on thy banners wait,
 • Though fann'd by Conquest's crimson wing,
 • They mock the air with idle state.
 • Helm, nor Hauberk's twisted mail,
 • Nor even thy virtue's, Tyrant, shall avail
 • To save thy secret soul from nightly fears,
 • From Cambria's curse, from Cambria's tears!
 Such were the sounds, that o'er the crested pride
 Of the first Edward scatter'd wild dismay,
 As down the steep of Snowdon's flaggy side
 He wound with toilsome march his long array.
 Stout Gloster stood aghast in speechless trance:
 To arms! cried Mortimer, and couch'd his quiv'ring lance;
 On a rock, whose haughty brow
 Frowns o'er old Conways foaming flood,
 Rob'd in the fable garb of woe,
 With haggard eyes the Poet stood;
 (Loose his beard, and hoary hair
 Stream'd like a meteor, to the troubled air)
 And with a Master's hand, and Prophet's fire,
 Struck the deep sorrows of his lyre.
 • Hark, how each giant-oak, and desert cave,
 • Sighs to the torrent's awful voice beneath!
 • O'er thee, oh King! their hundred arms they wave,
 • Revenge on thee in hoarser numbers breathe;
 • Vocal no more since Cambria's fatal day,
 • To high-born Hoel's harp, or soft Llewellyn's lay.
 • Cold is Cadwallo's tongue,
 • That husk'd the stormy main:
 • Brave Urien sleeps upon his craggy bed:

Mountains

* Mountains ye mourn in vain
 * Modred, whose magic song
 * Made huge Plinlimmon bow his cloud-top'd head,
 * On dreary Arvon's coast they lie,
 * Smeare'd with gore, and ghastly pale:
 * Far, far aloof th' affrighted ravens sail;
 * The famish'd eagle screams and passes by.
 * Dear lost companions of my tuneful art,
 * Dear as the light that visits these sad eyes,
 * Dear as the ruddy drops that warm'd my heart,
 * Ye died amidst your dying country's cries—
 * No more I weep. They do not sleep.
 * On yonder cliff, a grisly band,
 * I see them sit, they linger yet,
 * Avengers of their native land:
 * With me in dreadful harmony they join,
 * And weave with bloody hands the tissue of thy line,
 " Weave the warp, and weave the woof,
 " The winding sheet of Edward's race,
 " Give ample room and verge enough,
 " The characters of hell to trace.
 " Mark the year, and mark the night,
 " When Severn shall re-echo with affright,
 " The shrieks of death, through Berkley's roofs that ring,
 " Shrieks of an agonizing King!
 " She-wolf of France, with unrelenting fangs,
 " That tear'st the bowels of thy mangled Mate,
 " From thee be born, who o'er thy country hangs
 " The scourge of Heav'n. What terrors round him wait?
 " Amazement in his wan, with flight combin'd,
 " And Sorrows faded form and Solitude behind.
 " Mighty Victor mighty Lord,
 " Low on his funeral couch he lies!
 " No pitying heart, no eye afford
 " A tear to grace his obsequies.
 " Is the fable warrioir fled?
 " Thy son is gone. He rests among the dead.
 " The swarm that in thy noon-tide beam were born,
 " Gone to salute the rising Morn.
 " Fair laughs the Morn, and soft the Zephyr blows,
 " While proudly riding o'er the azure realm
 " In gallant trim the gilded vessel goes;
 " Youth on the prow, and Pleasure at the helm;
 " Regardless of the sweeping whirlwind's sway,
 " That

" That hush'd in grim repose, expects his evening prey.
 " * Fill high the sparkling bowl,
 " The rich repast prepare,
 " Reft of a crown, he yet may share the feast:
 " Close by the regal chair
 " Fell Thirst and Famine scowl
 " A baleful smile upon their baffled Guest.
 " Hear ye the din of battle bray,
 " Lance to lance, and horse to horse?
 " Long years of havoc urge their destined course,
 " And through the kindred squadrons mow their way.
 " Ye Towers of Julius, London's lasting shame,
 " With many a foul and midnight murder fed,
 " Revere his Comfort's faith, his father's fame,
 " And spare the meek Usurper's holy head.
 " Above, below, the rose of snow,
 " Twin'd with the blushing foe, we spread:
 " The bristled Boar, in infant gore,
 " Wallows beneath the thorney shade.
 " Now Brothers bending o'er th' accursed loom,
 " Stamp we our vengeance deep, and ratify his doom.
 " Edward, lo! to sudden fate
 " (Weave we the woof. The thread is spun)
 " † Half of thy heart we consecrate.
 " (The web is wove. The work is done.")
 " Stay, oh stay! nor thus forlorn
 " Leave me unblessed, unpited, here to mourn:
 " In yon bright track, that fires the western skies,
 " They melt, they vanish from my eyes.
 " But oh! what solemn scenes on Snowdon's height
 " Descending flow their glitt'ring skirts unroll?
 " Visions of glory, spare my aching sight,
 " Yet unborn ages, crow'd not on my soul!
 " No more our long lost Arthur we bewail,
 " All hail, † ye genuine Kings, Britannia's issue, hail!

" Girt

* *Richard the Second*, (as we are told by *Archbishop Seroop, Thomas of Walsingham, and all the older writers*) was slay'd to death. The story of his assassination by *St. Piers of Exon* is of much later date.

† *Eleanor of Castile* died a few days after the Conquest of Wales. The heroic proof she gave of her affection for her lord is well known. The monuments of his regret, and sorrow for the loss of her, are still to be seen in several parts of England.

‡ *Accession of the line of Tudor.*

• Girt with many a Baron bold,
 • Sublime their Starry fronts they rear;
 • And gorgeous Dames, and Statesmen old
 • In bearded majesty appear.
 • In the midst a form divine!
 • Her eye proclaims her of the Briton-line;
 • Her lyon-port, her awe-commanding face,
 • Attemper'd sweet to virgin-grace.
 • What strings symphonius tremble in the air,
 • What strains of vocal transport round her play!
 • Hear from the grave, great Talieffin,* hear:
 • They breathe a foul to animate thy clay.
 • Bright Rapture calls, and soaring, as the sings,
 • Waves in the eye of Heav'n her many-colour'd wings.
 • • The verse adorn again
 • Fierce War and faithful Love,
 • And Truth severe by fairy Fiction drest.
 • In buskin'd measures move
 • Pale Grief and pleasing Pain,
 • With Horror, Tyrant of the throbbing breast.
 • A Voice, as of the Cherub choir,
 • Gales from blooming Eden bear;
 • And distant warblings lessen on my ear,
 • That loft in long futurity expire,
 • Fond impious Man, think'st thou, yon fanguine cloud
 • Rais'd by thy breath, has quench'd the Orb of day?
 • To-morrow he repairs the golden flood,
 • And warms the nation with redoubled ray.
 • Enough for me: With joy I see
 • The different doom our Fates assign:
 • Be thine Despair, and scepter'd Care,
 • To triumph, and to die, are mine.
 He spoke and headlong from the mountain's height
 Deep in the roaring tide he plung'd to endless night!

Monthly

* *Talieffin, Chief of the Bards, flourished in the VIIth Century.*
His works are still preserved, and his memory held in high veneration among his countrymen.

Monthly Chronicle.

Speech of the President

OF THE UNITED STATES.

*Gentlemen of the Senate and
Gentlemen of the House of Representatives.*

THE personal inconveniences, to the members of the senate and of the house of representatives, in leaving their families and private affairs, at this season of the year, are so obvious, that I the more regret the extraordinary occasion, which has rendered the convention of congress indispensable. It would have afforded me the highest satisfaction to have been able to congratulate you on a restoration of peace to the nations of Europe, whose animosities have endangered our tranquility.

But, we have still abundant cause for gratitude, to the supreme disposer of national blessings, for general health and promising seasons for domestic and social happiness; for the rapid progress and ample acquisitions of industry, through our extensive territories, for civil, political and religious liberty. While other states are desolated with foreign war, or convulsed with intestine divisions, the U. States present the pleasing prospect of a nation governed by mild and equal laws; generally satisfied with the possession of their rights; neither envying the advantages, nor fearing the power of other nations; solicitous only for the maintenance of order and justice, and the preservation of liberty: increasing daily in their attachment to a system of government in proportion to their experience of its utility; yielding a ready and general obedience to laws flowing from reason, and resting on the only solid foundation, the affections of the people.

It is with extreme regret, that I shall be obliged to turn your thoughts to other circumstances, which admonish us, that some of these felicities may not be lasting; but if the tide of our prosperity is full, and a reflux commencing, a vigilant circumspection becomes us, that we may meet our reverses with fortitude, and extricate ourselves from their consequences, with all the skill we possess, and all the efforts in our power.

In giving to Congress information of the state of the Union, and recommending to their consideration such measures, as appear to me, to be expedient or necessary, according to my constitutional

situtions duty, the causes and the object of the present extraordinary session will be explained.

After the President of the United States received information, that the French government had expressed serious discontents, at some proceedings of the government of these states, said to affect the interests of France, he thought it expedient to send to that country a new minister, fully instructed to enter on such amicable discussions, and to give such candid explanations, as might happily remove the discontents and suspicions of the French government, and vindicate the conduct of the United States.

For this purpose he selected from among his fellow citizens, a character, whose integrity, talents, experience, and services, had placed him in the rank of the most esteemed and respected in the nation. The direct object of his mission, was expressed in his letter of credence, to the French republic being "to maintain that good understanding which from the commencement of the alliance had subsisted between the two nations; and to efface unfavourable impressions; banish suspicions, and restore that cordiality which was as once the evidence and pledge of a friendly union." And his instructions were to the same effect, "faithfully to represent the dispositions of the government and people of the United States their dispositions being one to remove jealousies, and obviate complaints, by shewing that they were groundless, to restore that mutual confidence, which had been so unfortunately and injuriously impaired, and to explain the relative interests of both countries, and the real sentiments of his own."

A minister thus specially commissioned, it was expected, would have proved the instrument of restoring mutual confidence between the two republics: the first step of the French government corresponded with that expectation. A few days before his arrival at Paris, the French minister of foreign relations informed the American minister, then resident at Paris, of the formalities to be observed by himself, in taking leave, and by his successor preparatory to his reception.

These formalities they observed and on the 9th of December, presented officially to the minister of foreign relations, the one a copy of his letter of recall, the other a copy of his letter of credence.

These were laid before the executive directory. Two days afterwards the minister of foreign relations informed the recalled American Minister, that the Executive Directory had determined not to receive another Minister Plenipotentiary from the United States until after the redress of grievances demanded of the American Government, and which the French Republic had a right to expect from it. The American Minister immediately

Nn

endeavoured

endeavoured to ascertain whether by refusing to receive him, it was intended that he should retire from the territories of the French Republic, and verbal answers were given that such was the intention of the Directory. For his own justification, he desired a written answer; but obtained none until towards the last of January; when receiving notice in writing to quit the territories of the Republic, he proceeded to Amsterdam, where he proposed to wait for instruction from this government. During his residence at Paris, cards of hospitality were refused him, and he was threatened with being subjected to the jurisdiction of the minister of police; but, with becoming firmness, he insisted on the protection of the law of nations due to him as the known minister of a foreign power. You will derive further information from his dispatches which will be laid before you.

As it is often necessary that nations should treat, for the mutual advantage of their affairs, and especially to accommodate and terminate differences; and as they can treat only by ministers, the Right of Embassy is well known and established, by the law and usage of nations. The refusal on the part of France to receive and hear our minister, is then the denial of a right, but the refusal to receive him, until we have acceded to their demands, without discussion and without investigation, is to treat us neither as Allies, nor as Friends nor as a Sovereign State.

With this conduct of the French government, it will be proper to take into view, the public audience given to the late minister of the United States, on his taking leave of the executive directory. The speech of the President discloses sentiments more alarming than the refusal of a minister, because more dangerous to our independence and union; and at the same time studiously marked with indignities towards the government of the United States. It evinces a disposition to separate the people of the United States from the government; to persuade them that they have different affections, principles and interests from those of their fellow citizens, whom they themselves have chosen to manage their common concerns; and thus to produce divisions fatal to our peace. Such attempts ought to be repelled, with a decision which shall convince France and the world, that we are not a degraded people; humiliated under a colonial spirit and sense of inferiority, fitted to be the miserable instruments of foreign influence and regardless of national honour, character and interest.

I should have been happy to have thrown a veil over these transactions, if it had been possible to conceal them: but they have passed on the great theatre of the world in the face of all Europe and America; and with such circumstances of publicity and solemnity

nity that they cannot be disguised and will not soon be forgotten; they have inflicted a wound in the American breast.

It is my sincere desire however that it may be healed. It is my sincere desire, and in this I presume I concur with you and with our constituents to preserve peace and friendship with all nations: and believing that neither the honour nor the interest of the United States absolutely forbid the repetition of advances for securing these desirable objects with France, I shall institute a fresh attempt at negotiation, and shall not fail to promote and accelerate an accommodation, on terms compatible with the rights, duties, interests and honour of the nation. If we have committed errors, and these can be demonstrated we shall be willing to correct them; if we have done injuries, we shall be willing on conviction to redress them. And equal measures of justice we have a right to expect from France and every other nation.

The diplomatic intercourse between the United States and France being at present suspended, the government has no means of obtaining official information from the country; nevertheless there is reason to believe that the Executive ~~Direct~~ passed a decree on the second of March last, contravening in part the treaty of amity and commerce of one thousand seven hundred and seventy eight, injurious to our lawful commerce and endangering the lives of our citizens. A copy of this decree will be laid before you.

While we are endeavouring to adjust all our differences with France, by amicable negotiation, the progress of the war in Europe, the depredations on our commerce, the personal injuries to our citizens and the general complexion of affairs, render it my indispensable duty to recommend to your consideration effectual measures of defence.

The commerce of the United States, has become an interesting object of attention, whether we consider it in relation to the wealth, and finances, or the strength and resources of the nation. With a sea coast of near two thousand miles in extent, opening a wide field for fisheries, navigation, and commerce, a great portion of our citizens naturally apply their industry and enterprise to these objects; any serious and permanent injury to commerce would not fail to produce the most embarrassing disorders: to prevent it from being undermined and destroyed, it is essential that it receive an adequate protection.

The naval establishment must occur to every Man, who considers the injuries committed on our commerce, the insults offered to our citizens, and the description of the vessels by which these abuses have been practised; as the sufferings of our mercantile and sea faring citizens, cannot be ascribed to the omission of due

ties demandable, considering the neutral situation our country they are to be attributed to the hope of impunity arising from a supposed inability on our part to afford protection—to resist the consequences of such impressions on the minds of foreign nations, and to guard against the degradation and servility ; which they must finally stamp on the American character, is an important duty of Government.

A naval power next to the militia is the natural defence of the United States. The experience of the last war would be sufficient to shew, that a moderate naval force, such as would be easily within the present abilities of the union, would have been sufficient to have baffled, many formidable transports of troops from one state to another, which were then practised ; our sea coasts from their great extent are more easily annoyed, and more easily defended by a naval force than any other ; with all the materials our country abounds ; in skill, our naval architects and navigators are equal to any : and commanders and seamen will not be wanting.

But although the establishment of a permanent system of naval defence appears to be requisite, I am sensible it cannot be formed so speedily, and extensively as the present crisis demands ;— Hitherto I have thought proper to prevent the sailing, of armed vessels except on voyages to the East Indies, where general usage, and the danger from pirates appeared to render the permission proper, yet the restriction has originated, solely from a wish to prevent collusions with the powers at war, contravening the act of Congress of June, one thousand seven hundred and ninety four, and not from any doubt entertained by me of the policy and propriety of permitting our vessels to employ means of defence, while engaged in a lawful foreign commerce. It remains for Congress to prescribe such regulations as will enable our seafaring citizens to defend themselves against violations of the law of nations, and at the same time restrain them, from committing acts of hostility against the powers at war. In addition to this voluntary provision for defence, by individual citizens it appears to me necessary, to equip the frigates, and provide other vessels of inferior force to take under convoy such merchant vessels as shall remain unarmed.

The greater part of the cruisers whose depredation, have been most injurious, have been built, and some of them partially equipped in the United States. Although an effectual remedy may be attended with difficulty, yet I have thought it my duty to present the subject generally to your consideration. If a mode can be devised by the wisdom of Congress to prevent the resources of the United States from being converted into the means

means of annoying our trade, a great evil will be prevented. With the same view I think it proper to mention that some of our citizens resident abroad have fitted out privateers, and others have voluntarily taken the command, or entered on board of them, and committed spoliations on the commerce of the United States. Such unnatural and iniquitous practices can be restrained only by severe punishments.

But besides a protection of commerce on the seas, I think it highly necessary to protect it at home, where it is collected in our most important ports. The distance of the United States from Europe, and the well known promptitude, ardor and courage of the people, in defence of their country, happily diminish the probability of invasion: nevertheless, to guard against sudden and predatory incursions, the situation of some of our principal sea ports demands your consideration; and as our country is vulnerable in other interests besides those of its commerce, you will seriously deliberate, whether the means of general defence ought not to be increased by an addition to the regular artillery and cavalry, and by arrangements for forming a provisional army.

With the same view and as a measure, which even in a time of universal peace, ought not to be neglected, I recommend to your consideration a revision of the laws, for organizing, arming and disciplining the militia, to render that natural and safe defence of the country efficacious. Although it is very true, that we ought not to involve ourselves in the political system of Europe but to keep ourselves always distinct and separate from it if we can; yet to effect this separation, early, punctual, and continual information, of the current chain of events, and of the political projects in contemplation, is no less necessary, than if we were directly concerned in them;—It is necessary in order to the discovery of the efforts, made to draw us into the vortex, in season to make preparations against them; however, we may consider ourselves, the maritime and commercial powers of the world will consider the United States of America as forming a weight in that balance of power in Europe, which never can be forgotten or neglected, it would not only be against our interest, but it would be doing wrong to one half of Europe at least if we should voluntary throw ourselves into either scale; it is a natural policy, for a nation that studies to be neutral, to consult with other nations engaged in the same studies and pursuits; at the same time that measures might be pursued with this view, our treaties with Prussia and Sweden, one of which is expired and the other near expiring, might be renewed.

Gentlemen

Gentlemen of the House of Representatives,

It is particularly your province to consider the state of the public finances; and to adopt such measures respecting them, as exigencies shall be found to require; the preservation of public credit, the regular extinguishment of the public debt, and a provision of funds to defray any extraordinary expenses, will of course call for your serious attention; although the impositions of new-burthens, cannot be in itself, agreeable, yet there is no ground to doubt that the American people will expect from you, such measures, as their actual engagements, their present security, and future interests demand.

Gentlemen of the Senate and

Gentlemen of the House of Representatives,

The present situation of our country imposes an obligation, on all the departments of government, to adopt an explicit and decided conduct. In my situation an exposition of the principles by which my administration will be governed, ought not to be omitted.

It is impossible to conceal from ourselves or the world, what has been before observed, that endeavours have been employed to foster, and establish a division between the government and people of the United States. To investigate the causes which have encouraged this attempt is not necessary; but to repel by decided and United councils, insinuations so derogatory, to the honour, and aggressions so dangerous to the constitution, union and even independence of the nation, is an indispensible duty;—

It must not be permitted to be doubted, whether the people of the United States will support the government, established by their voluntary consent, and appointed by their free choice, or whether by surrendering themselves, to the direction of foreign and domestic factions, in opposition to their own government they will forfeit the honourable station they have hitherto maintained.

For myself, having never been indifferent to what concerned the interests of my country; devoted the best part of my life to obtain and support its independence, and constantly witnessed, the patriotism, fidelity, and perseverance, of my fellow citizens on the most trying occasions, it is not for me to hesitate or abandon a cause in which my heart has been so long engaged.

Convinced that the conduct of the government has been just and impartial to foreign nations; that those internal regulations which have been established by law for the preservation of peace, are in their nature proper, and that they have been fairly executed; nothing will ever be done by me to impair the national en-

gagements, to innovate upon principles, which have been so deliberately and uprightly established : or to surrender in any manner the rights of the government ; to enable me to maintain this declaration I rely under God with entire confidence, on the firm and enlightened support of the national legislature, and upon the virtue and patriotism of my fellow citizens.

JOHN ADAMS.

[*The answer of the Senate and of the House of Representatives, will appear in our next number.*]

FOREIGN INTELLIGENCE.

New-York, May 24. Yesterday arrived here in 40 days from Bordeaux, the ship General Wayne, Capt. Manwarring, of New-London. A gentleman who came in this vessel, has favoured us with a regular file of *The post Boy of the Armies and General Bulletin* ; a Paris paper, as late as the 30th of March. From these papers we give a translation of several important articles : they follow.

The Translations.

Paris, March 26. We read in several public papers, that Gen. Buonaparte has obtained a signal victory over the Arch Duke Charles—10,000 Austrians were killed and taken on the field of battle. This news has been received from Kellerman ; who learnt it by a Courier from Buonaparte. Not wishing to doubt the authencity of this news, we only remark, that it is surprising, that the directory have not received any intelligence respecting it. The official Journals make no mention of this important victory.

We are assured that a conference for peace has taken place at Turin, between General Clarke and the Marquis de Luchefini. The friends of humanity must wish success to this negotiation.

Letters from Bayonne mention, that the English have taken nine Spanish vessels richly laden, three of which were brought into Gibraltar, and six into Lisbon. One of the vessels was from Manilla with a valuable cargo of muslins.

March 27. *Thomas Paine left this city the 1st. on his return to America. His departure will be no great loss to France, although several enthusiasts say they admire his writings, though they do not understand them. His last publication was against our Constitution to shew that it was not democratic enough.*

Domestic

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

UCHLAND, May, 11.

The villainous practice of horse stealing having become more frequent in this county of late, and the difficulty attendant on the individual sufferer, in *alone* pursuing the Thief, has induced the inhabitants of the township of Uchland Chester county, to form themselves into a society for the mutual assistance of each other, and being bound by the ties of honour as well as forfeiture (in case of refusal) faithfully to fulfill certain rules calculated to facilitate the apprehending of the offender. It is hoped that salutary effects will result not only to individuals, but to the community at large, from such a laudable Institution, and the more general such associations, the greater the probability of their extensive usefulness. It is therefore recommended to the inhabitants of the several townships to pursue similar measures, for the extirpation of so ingurious a part of mankind.

Signed by order of the society.

JESSE JONES, Secretary.
MARRIAGES.

At Philad. Mr. Kenneth Jewell, to Miss Martha Blakiston.—Mr. Ezekiel Howell, to Miss Elenor Ashton.—Mr. John Thompson, to Miss Mary Baldwin.—At Greenburg, Westchester County (N. Y.) the rev. John Townly, to Miss Rachel Williams.—At New-York, the rev. B. Johnson, of Albany, to Miss Betsey Lupton.—At Norfolk (Vir.) Mr. Andrew Leckie merchant to Miss Brokenbrough. On the same day Col. Edward Avery, of Warwick county to Mary West.—At York (P) Mr Peter Small to Miss Polly Spangler.

DEATHS.

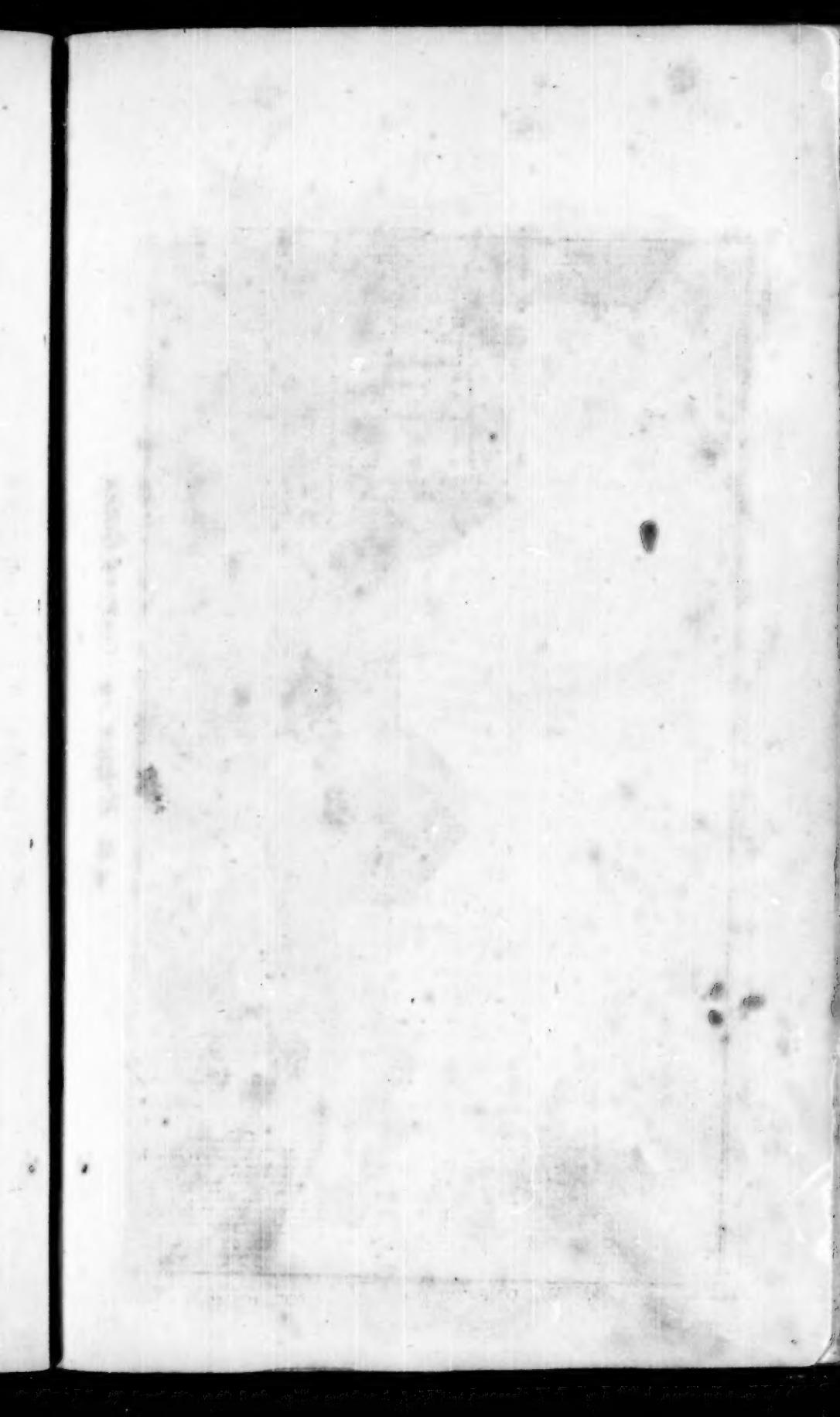
Quincey, (Mass.) Mrs. Hall, in the 88th year of her age, mother to his Excellency John Adams president of the United States.

New-York. On the 21st ult. Laurence Van Boekerk, — and Mr. A. Graver.

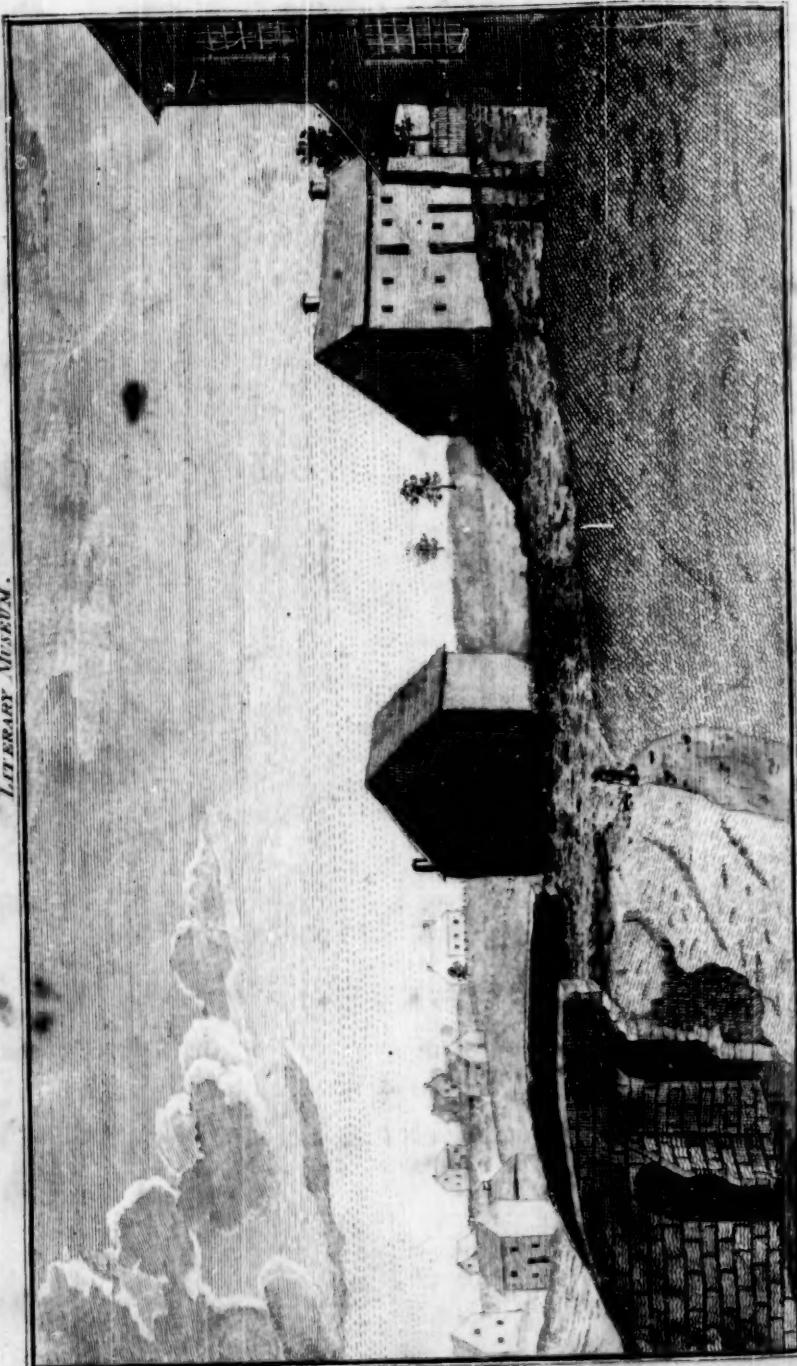
Philadelphia. On the first inst. Mrs. Footman, wife of Richard Footman, sen.

On the 24th inst. Mr. Daniel Benezet

On the 25th Mrs Elizabeth Benezet, his comfort,



LITERARY MUSEUM.



VIEW of the BRIDGE over SAPLAK CREEK.